

PICTURES of the HEART,

SENTIMENTALLY DELINEATED in the

DANGER OF THE PASSIONS,

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE:

T H E

ADVENTURES of a FRIEND of TRUTH,

AN ORIENTAL HISTORY, *in Two Parts:*

T H E

EMBARRASMENTS of LOVE,

A N O V E L:

AND THE

DOUBLE DISGUISE,

A DRAMA, *in Two Acts.*

---

By JOHN MURDOCH.

---

*Et Moi aussi, Je suis Peintre.* MONTAIGNE.

---

In TWO VOLUMES.

---

V O L. II.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOUR;

And sold by J. BEW, Pater-noster-Row; J. STOCK-  
DALE, Piccadilly; J. MILLIDGE, Maiden-Lane,  
Covent-Garden; and by the AUTHOUR, No. 9,  
Green-Park Row, near Down-Street, Piccadilly.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.





---

# Pictures of the Heart.

---

## THE ADVENTURES OF A FRIEND OF TRUTH.

AN ORIENTAL HISTORY: In *Two Parts.*

---

### PART II.

#### CHAP. I.

*The Friend of Truth in Prison.*

CANDIDUS had now nothing more at heart than to try whether Tongluck—his affectionate friend Tongluck—was qualified to listen to the voice of TRUTH; in other words—plainly to express it—whether he was a being in whose bosom there was no *prepossession*, no *prejudice*.

VOL. II.

B

Some-

Sometimes he pleased himself with the hope, that a man, susceptible of the most refined ideas of honour—a man, whose every word and action seemed to flow from the principles of real probity—would be incapable of taking umbrage at his *sincerity*; and sometimes he could not help entertaining a fear lest, by being too explicit with him, he should forfeit the happiness he enjoyed from so valuable a connection.

This consideration alone was sufficient to induce our Adventurer to confine within his own breast, at least for the present, the dictates of his darling TRUTH, without, however, betraying TRUTH's *self*; and accordingly the Tunquinese and he set out together for the Siamese empire, still animated with the liveliest sentiments of mutual regard.



### A FRIEND OF TRUTH

On their arrival in the magnificent city of Louvo—the first place of their destination—the attention of our Travellers was immediately attracted by a Conjuror from Cochin-China, who, Conjuror-like, appeared to have actually *fascinated* the people.—He had established an office, where scraps of *paper* were distributed for sums of *gold*; and he even possessed the power of persuading the credulous Siamese, that in *his paper*, there was a charm which rendered *gold itself*, comparatively speaking, an useless encumbrance.

By the dint of his magic art—which numbers, from a pretended knowledge of the *secret* of it, soon began to practise of their own accord—the *seeming* opulence of Louvo could only be exceeded by the *actual* prodigality, luxury, and dissipation of its inhabitants.—Every head was turned; every rank

in society was confounded.—One man, proudly seated in the *palanquin* which his father had formerly helped to carry upon his shoulders, beheld with an eye of supercilious contempt the quondam-possessor of it, less rich in *paper* than himself.—Another, scornful to have it said, that he would stoop to occupy the mansion in which, till the arrival of the Conjuror, he had officiated, not as *porter*, but as *porter's deputy*, lavished away the paper, fast as the paper could be obtained, in order to render that very mansion, as he termed it, *habitable*.—Here was seen a young prodigal, who—forgetting, that, a few months before, he had hardly possessed a shoe to his foot—strove to bury under the excess of a present parade every thing that could lead to the remembrance of his past misery.—There, contrasted to him, appeared a hoary muck-worm,

worm, who, already glutted with the *enchanted* paper, panted—and now, indeed, from infirmity, was barely able to pant—for something, in the form of a *genealogy*, which, communicating to his blood an *ideal* refinement, might, *ideally* also, transmit his name ennobled to posterity.

To finish the picture—a picture, which, formed into an absolute *caricature* by the sober pencil of TRUTH, it were impossible to render *more* ridiculous by the sportive one of FANCY—Fortune, or rather Fortune's Tool, the *paper-dealing* Conjuror, had turned every thing *topsy-turvy*; and such was the mad prepossession in favour of his necromantic scraps, that there was hardly an individual in Louvo, who did not think himself happy when he had converted into them all the solid specie, of



which, through industry, he was possessed.

Amazed at the infatuation under which this flourishing, and otherwise-respectable, city so unhappily laboured, Candidus could not help enquiring into the cause of it; and no sooner was it explained to him, than—ever faithful to the discharge of his duty—he endeavoured to argue the people into a sense of their folly.

As Fate would have it, however, neglecting to *whisper* what he had to deliver on the subject—as was the *legal* method of the Siamese, when they were so *audacious* as to think themselves capable of forming opinions about *public* matters, and so *licentious* as to conceive, that they inherited from HEAVEN a right those opinions to *communicate to each other*—the “Friend of Truth” expressed himself, one day, quite

quite *aloud*—To aggravate his *imprudence* on this occasion, in the list of his auditors was one of those beings, whom, in *some* countries, we find distinguished by the title of Government-Spies, in *others*, by that of Government-Runners; beings, however, who seem in *all* countries to be *still* cherished by Kings and Ministers, as Engines necessary to preserve to THEMSELVES, what they deem, a becoming degree of *authority*, and to maintain among the millions under them, promiscuously called PEOPLE, what they likewise deem, a becoming degree of *subordination*.

Unhappy Candidus!—Nothing—unless it had been, perhaps, the seasonable interposition of Sincera, with an adequate *bribe* in her hand—could now prevent an information being lodged, charging him with the foulest of all misdemeanours—that of attempting to  
excite

excite among the inhabitants a spirit of discontent; and as, from his first appearance in Louvo, the Conjuror, *for weighty reasons of State*, had been a *prodigious* favourite at Court, that very evening—as a lesson for the native of Che-Kiang how and when to *speak*, or rather, indeed, how and when to *bald his tongue*—an apartment was provided for him in PRISON.

Overwhelmed with astonishment, that, in a Nation styled *civilised*, he should, in return for a harmless, and even, as still he thought it, a laudable, FREEDOM OF SPEECH—be himself debarred from *every blessing that with freedom is connected*, our imprisoned Traveller gave a loose, as usual, to the most *gloomy*, and, as usual also, to the most *unavailing*, lamentations; — lamentations, however, which at length led him to the resolution



tion of drawing up a Memorial in his justification.

As the Che-Kiangian had nothing to state, but what TRUTH might represent to the feelings of injured INNOCENCE, so the composition of the Paper in question cost him not much trouble; and, despatching it by a trusty Messenger, it had actually the good fortune to reach, without interruption, the hands of the *Prime Minister's Minister*.—Of course, then, was the Memorial of Candidus honoured with a perusal by the Minister himself; nor could it fail, as such, to carry with it a considerable degree of weight, when canvassed afterwards, in due form, by the other Ministers in Council assembled.—In style, indeed, as well as in sentiment, it was unanimously allowed to be so neat and so elegant, so forcible and so magnanimously-bold, that the writer of it—let him be who he might—deserved

ved either to enjoy one of the first offices under the Crown, or to remain where he was immured for life.

Of these alternatives which was adopted? — The latter undoubtedly. — But for what *reason* was it adopted? — The reason is obvious. — Candidus was a stranger to the Great; and his only recommendations at Louvo were, MERIT and a FRIEND—a FRIEND, alas! who, for aught he yet knew, was as much a stranger to the Great as himself.

In fine, it was resolved to leave the *fool-bardy* Che-Kiangian to the contemplation of his iron bolts and bars; surrounded with which, he might, unmolested, compose as many *more* Memorials as the GENIUS OF TRUTH might dictate to TRUTH'S IMPERTINENT FRIEND.

CHAP.

## C H A P. II.

He is released — *wonderfully*, too, released; but, insensible of the blessing of *Liberty*, is guilty of Offences little short of warranting a *Recommitment*.

**L**ET it not be supposed, that Tongluck, since last we noticed him, was forgetful of Candidus. — No: far was he from deserving the reproach of having, in the hour of distress, turned his back upon so deserving a friend, He knew of the disaster which had befallen the Che Kiangian, nor was he unapprised of the unhappy temerity by which it had been occasioned; and while our Adventurer was himself employed in drawing up a Memorial, calculated rather to injure his cause than to serve it, the Tunquinese was employed on his behalf to better purpose.

Tongluck



Tongluck had not come to Louve unprovided with letters of introduction to Court; and through his connections, thus formed, he found means to interest in the fate of the imprisoned youth a female of rank, whose charms were unrivalled, and whose influence he knew to be, of course, unrivalled also.

To attain this important object, it only cost him a pretty little she-monkey, which he had brought with him, as a curiosity, from Tunquin; for no sooner had the lady beheld the *sweet creature*, and fondly welcomed it within her arms, than she took *Sammonocodon* to witness, that, in less than an hour, the Che-Kiangian should obtain his liberty.—Nor did she neglect her promise.—Our Adventurer was set at large; and what JUSTICE, backed with all the eloquence of a CANDIDUS, could not accomplish, was, without

without trouble, and, as it were, instantaneously, atchieved by a WOMAN.

On his release from *durance vile*, Tongluck presented him to his noble deliverers, the fair Akama.—The lady could not deny a tribute of admiration to the artless graces of her visiter.—She even vowed, he was a *jewel* of a man; nor did she scruple to hint to him, that, if he chose to remain at the Court of Louvo, certain very honourable distinctions might be at his service.

“At my service!” cried the youth from Che-Kiang.—“Indeed, Madam, I shall not tarry long in a place where TRUTH is held in such disgrace.—Yesterday, from my regard to TRUTH merely, I was *sent to prison*; and to-morrow, for aught I can tell, my *mouth* may, for no other reason, be, by the same authority, *sewed up*.”—

Thus spoke Candidus; and the more he thus spoke, the more was Akama inclined to doubt whether or not the young man was in his right senses.—She could not help telling him, however, that if he proposed to be a *Friend to HIMSELF*, he must not, like a fool, pretend to be, on all occasions, a *Friend to TRUTH*.

Several ladies were present; and now—every circumstance having been amply discussed, which could flow from the inventive FASHION, and even from the more-inventive SCANDAL of the day—it was, with one voice, proposed by them to sit down to play.—The Che-Kiangian, on being asked to “make one” at a game, which had, that very week, become the *ton* in certain *superiour* circles—because, perhaps, it promised to be the readiest method of creating, *in all circles*, confusion and destruction—inge-



—ingenuously replied, that he made it a rule never to play but at CHESS; for, in *his* opinion, from CHESS alone any *rational* entertainment could be derived, and, in *his* opinion also, it was *childish* to COURT AMUSEMENT—*worse than childish* to COURT GAIN—from the *loss of a DIE, or the circumrotation of a WHEEL.*

The company were too polite to expect, or desire, that a stranger would tire *himself*; but *they* presently began to grow tired of him.—To *mend the matter*, observing that Akama *cheated*, he roundly taxed her with the foulness of her play.—No body, however, would believe him.—Enraged at such duplicity, he offered to bring *proofs* of what he had asserted; but the ladies declared, “They *bated* PROOFS, and were determined to have *nothing to do with TRUTH!*”—

At length Candidus became absolutely *unsufferable*.—Akama's *head-dress*, forsooth! did not please him.—He insisted upon it, that nothing could be more *pkantastic*; yet was it well-known, that with the peculiar *taste* she displayed in that very article the *beau monde* of Louvo were in actual raptures.

But for the sportive caresses of her little monkey, the lady would, in all probability, have, ere now, repented of the service she had done to the Che-Kiangian, and even wished him again fairly lodged in his dungeon.—Though by those caresses the attention of Akama was so agreeably engrossed as to prevent the indulgence of sentiments, which would have totally cancelled the *merit* of what she had accomplished for him, yet was it in vain for our Traveller to think of re-establishing himself in her good graces; and it grieved him

to

to find, that even the *foibles* of a fine woman are a subject with which on no account TRUTH must meddle.

Doubly was he grieved, when he also reflected, that, merely by *speaking* what he *thought*—nay, what he knew to be positively *true*—he had so grossly offended a person whom, by the sacred tie of GRATITUDE, he was bound to respect.—In the defence of Akama's life, or of Akama's honour, with pleasure would he have yielded up his heart's blood; but by no inducement whatever was he to be impelled to sacrifice to her the TRUTH.—As the only atonement in his power, therefore, he begged of Tongluck to apologise for him to the lady, by assuring her, that he was not conscious of having *justly* incurred her displeasure, and that—*incorrigible Simpleton!*—that through life he should be *unhappy*—yes, he should



THE ADVENTURES OF

be *totally* unhappy—had he either *said* or *done* aught to affront his benefactress *intentionally*.

“Fie on Candidus!” cry, at this moment, the Ladies.—“Fie on Candidus!” cries, at this moment also, the blushing Historian of his *unmannered FOLLIES*.

CHAP. III.

*A Female Character — a Character, too, which has existed, but which, as being, in these Days of Ease and Freedom, no longer necessary, will appear also, perhaps, to be no longer natural.*

**I**N “sober sadness,” however, our ill-starred Adventurer was now heartily sick of his abode in Siam; for there, as in every other country he had yet visited, TRUTH seemed ignominiously to be trampled under foot.

On expressing his wish to the Tun-  
quinese, that he would fix a day for  
their departure, the latter started many  
objections; but so frivolous were they,  
that at length the Che-Kiangian could  
not help suspecting him of *EQUIVOCATION*.—Though from his heart he be-  
wailed a reserve so injurious to the sa-  
cred laws of *FRIENDSHIP*, yet would he  
not urge Tongluck for an explanation,  
lest he should expose him to the tempt-  
ation of telling an *absolute LIE*.—By  
watching him narrowly, however, he  
resolved to obtain, if possible, a know-  
ledge of the object that seemed so firm-  
ly to attach him to Louvo; and  
Chance, the very next morning, pro-  
ved favourable to his project.

In going out, Tongluck carelessly  
dropped from his pocket a letter.—  
The Che-Kiangian picked it up; and  
perceiving that the address was writ-  
ten

ten in a female hand, anxiety—a restless, but benevolent, anxiety to gain some intelligence of what his Friend endeavoured so industriously to keep secret from him—induced him to examine the contents.

Under the signature of ZELASKA, our Traveller perused an epistle, fraught with every expression of a love which appeared to know no bounds.

In such unguarded terms, indeed, had the enamoured fair one dwelt on her passion for Tongluck, that Candidus could not help forming the most unfavourable opinion of her.—Making it his business, however, to learn what Fame reported of the Dame, with infinite surprise he found, that Zelaska—the sanctified prude Zelaska—was distinguished beyond all the ladies in Louvo for her devout attachment to the PAGODS; for her love of retirement;



ment; for her contempt of the ornaments of dress; for her dislike to balls, assemblies, and public spectacles; for her pious charities; and, above all, for her fervent zeal in the cause of VIRTUE—impelled by which, already had she sacrificed the good name of almost every female, whether young or old, in the whole city.

As yet a stranger to the character of a *female* hypocrite, the Che-Kiangian, comparing the description given to him of Zelaska with the letter from her in his pocket, concluded that there must be *two* ladies in Louvo of that name: and, even when he had received the most convincing proofs, that she who had been represented to him as so austere—so rigid—so sanctimonious—was the identical person who had written to Tongluck, he was still innocently inclined to imagine, that the letter  
itself

itself was the mere effusion of an animated *fancy*;—that, of course, from a connection, which, at first, he had judged so unworthy of him, nothing was to be apprehended for his Friend.

Doubt, however, encreasing, instead of certainty, Candidus could not rest till he had sifted the affair to the bottom.—For this purpose he repaired to the house of Zelaska, and, without sending up his name, desired to speak with her.

Dying with expectation to see her beloved Tongluck, and unsuspecting that the stranger from Che-Kiang was her visiter, the lady came forth from her closet in a dress negligently alluring;—a dress, which seemed by no means, indeed, to correspond with the severity of manners, that *excess* of self-denial, on which she so highly piqued herself in public.

Unwit-

Unwittingly ushered into an apartment, where, as being the scene of the only PARADISE she had ever with *fer-vour* prayed to enjoy, the whole luxury of Asia seemed to be assembled as an incentive to obey the calls of PLEASURE, Candidus was gazing around him, lost in wonder, when Zelaska made her appearance.—Without making an apology to her for his intrusion, or even for the abrupt question he was about to ask, he ingenuously said, “Madam, is, or is not, this your letter?”—

At first, Zelaska seemed to hesitate; but at length, eying him with an unblushing confidence, she replied, “No.”—

“No!” echoed Candidus hastily.

Faithful to the sound of falsehood, “No!” hastily re-echoed, in her turn, Zelaska.

Marplot-



Marplot-like, again and again did the *busy* Che-Kiangian maintain it to be impossible that the letter could have been penned but by herself; while the lady, with all the dignified warmth of insulted *honour*, vowed her utter ignorance of it.

It was not in Candidus to witness such consummate duplicity without the most heart-felt emotion.—He told her so plainly; and added, that though the *married* Tongluck was separated from a wife unworthy of his bed, he yet was not authorised *himself* to renounce the duties of MORALITY; — that, as for Zelaska herself, it was dreadful to behold in her a soul replete with VICE, concealed under the most abominable of clokes—the cloke of a *sanctified* VIRTUE.

To the mistress of Tongluck—with all her devotion—TRUTH was no object

ject of worship.—Without farther ceremony, therefore, she called to the servants; and, pointing to an open window, peremptorily ordered them to toss the *monster* Candidus into the street.—Fortunately, however, before they could be sufficiently assembled for that purpose, he made his escape; and, in fact, had he not, on this occasion, exerted the dauntless resolution of a Che-Kiangian, to the *broken bones* he received at Korai would, in all probability, have been added the fatal catastrophe of a *broken neck*\*—a catastrophe, which, in defiance of his Protectress Sincera, must have put a premature period to his Adventures, and thus—to the regret of every good-natured reader—converted a *serious* HISTORY into a *still more serious* TRAGEDY.

\* See Vol. I. p. 187.

## C H A P. IV.

*Truth and Friendship*, in the persons of *Candidus* and *Tongluck*, come to an open rupture.

**T**HOUGH *Candidus* had no reason to imagine, that of this *Sincera* he was not still the favourite, yet was he confounded at the untoward accidents to which he found himself hourly exposed, merely, too, from his faithful attachment to that *TRUTH* of which he was by Heaven commissioned to be the champion.—He even began to harbour an opinion, that mankind are so uniformly worthless, it is not possible to find a being in the human shape, who will submit to have either his thoughts or his actions scrutinised.

By such distressing reflections, the ardour of our *Che-Kiangian* to persevere in his researches was in a great measure extinguished



extinguished.—Deeply impressed, nevertheless, with an abhorrence of the barefaced *falsehood* of Zelaska, added to her other vices, the purity of his own heart told him, that a woman, capable of such complicated baseness, could have taken but a slight hold of the affections of his friend; but that, slight as it might be, it was still incumbent on him to dispossess her of it by a few mild remonstrances with the deluded victim of her snares.

To the language of expostulation, however, Tongluck was no wise disposed to hearken.—Happening to pay a visit to the enraged Zelaska immediately after the precipitate departure of the Che-Kiangian, he received from her a minute detail of what had passed, aggravated with every provoking circumstance which the inventive malice of a base Woman could suggest; and

from that moment — unmindful that he was his Deliverer, his Protector, his Friend — he conceived to Candidus an unconquerable antipathy:

Thus, when — though without offering to *disguise* the sentiments he entertained of Zelaska — the virtuous Che-Kiangian began to talk to him of his amour with all the delicacy, blended with all the anxiety, of a faithful counsellor, and adherent, Tongluck hastily interrupted him.

“Hold!” cried he fiercely, “the unworthy means by which you stole — yes; I repeat it, *stole* — the knowledge of a circumstance I had my reasons for wishing to conceal from you, I could have forgiven; but through life will I not either forget or forgive the abuse thrown by you on a Woman, the Ornament of her Sex. — By this weapon, then” — added he, seizing his scymeter — “by

—“By this weapon will I have satisfaction for your officious, your insolent *sincerity* as you call it!”—

“Tongluck,” replied our Traveller with a placid smile, even while a tear trickled down his cheek—“Tongluck” said he, “I pity you.—No longer alas! are you your own master.—Know, however, that this arm shall never be held up in hostility against you.—I wish not to shed the blood of a man, for whom I have already shed my own blood; nor would it give me pleasure, by affording you an opportunity to be the *murderer* of your *friend*, to render you a *wretch for life*.—If, to continue to be the friend of Tongluck, it is required of me to connive at his vices, I renounce the character.—One day will he become sensible, perhaps, of the value which ought to be put upon the language of disinterested TRUTH; and



## THE ADVENTURES OF

It is my earnest prayer, that he may not, ere long, have cause with bitterness to regret, he listened not to it now.— Then, Tongluck, adieu! and may Zeliska prove herself deserving of that place in your heart, which, while uncontaminated with Vice, was joyfully occupied by the faithful Candidus!”—

With these words, he took a final leave of the Tunquinese, who, agitated by a thousand contradictory emotions, was prevented from making even an attempt to detain him; and the forlorn Che-Kiangian immediately removed to a remote part of the town, in the full resolution of taking a final leave of Louvo also the very next day.

## CHAP.

## C H A P. V.

The *Friend of Truth* doomed to be burned  
alive.

WHEN the next day came—hardly knowing whither to direct his steps—he wandered, for a long time, over the vast plains that divide the territories of Siam from those of Pegu.—His whole soul seemed to be now engrossed with every melancholy idea, which it is possible for baffled TRUTH and baffled VIRTUE to inspire during the short-lived triumphs of DELUSION, and of VICE.—In a great measure had he recovered, indeed, from his surprise that *Kings, Courtiers, and Authours*—nay, that *Women in general*—should detest the free and open voice of TRUTH; because he plainly perceived, that it was hardly possible to find a King, a Courtier, an Authour, or a Woman, who

who was not more or less intoxicated with the poison of FLATTERY. Still, however, it appeared to him an unaccountable weakness, that, merely by using to a beloved friend the unreserved language of SINCERITY, *that friend* should be converted into an *implacable enemy*.

In a word, his despair was inexpressible; for he could not help feeling, that, on all hands, he was hated and persecuted—on all hands, exposed to perils and hardships—without having aught in him to deserve such treatment, unless it was the laudable wish to fulfil the object of his mission, by giving a free vent to the honest dictates of his heart.

“O Sincera! Sincera!” did he ever and anon exclaim to himself—“too favourable an opinion did you entertain of mankind, if you imagined it possible, that, on the cruel condition prescribed



prescribed by Destiny, I should ever more see my dear native Che-Kiang!"—

Persevering, mean while, in his uncertain course, he found himself, at the expiration of a few days, within sight of the frontiers of Aracan.—All Pegu had he traversed without meeting with an adventure; and, indeed, without opening his lips to any person, *from the fear, that he should meet with one.*

A barren desert now presented itself; which having passed, he reached a village, called Palozu, precisely at a time when there happened to be an Eclipse of the Sun.—According to the custom of the place, the inhabitants— in deep lamentation for the loss of that glorious planet, which, they imagined, was on the point of being swallowed up by a horrible monster,—were, with one consent, prostrated before an Idol, of which the aspect was yet more hideous than the size was gigantic, and fervently supplicating

supplicating from it the restoration of day. —

Turning his eyes toward another quarter, with the little light that remained, he perceived an old man, fastened to a stake, and destined, seemingly, for a sacrifice to the Idol.—Unobserved by the inhabitants, Candidus immediately advanced to him, and discovering by his garb, that he was a Chinese, he could not resist the impulse of asking him such questions as, *under such circumstances*, any other stranger would have asked.

Distinctly as the pangs of an agonised mind would permit, the trembling wretch informed him, among other things, that it was an invariable rule with the people of Palozu to apprehend every foreigner, who presumed to visit their village *alone*, and, on the occasion of each eclipse like the present,

to burn, as a sacrifice to the Idol, the person whose misfortune it had been thus to arrive last; adding, that, as being in this tremendous predicament himself, he had now but a few minutes more to live.

The benevolent soul of the Che-Ki-angian seemed to melt within him at the recital of such singular barbarity; but presently recollecting himself, Reason seemed to whisper to him, that, as an incentive for the Savages to abjure a custom so *extravagantly* cruel, he had only to point out to them the gross ignorance which must have originally led to the establishment of it.—That they had not *already* abjured it, was, indeed, his chief astonishment; and accordingly, animated by his usual zeal for the interests of HUMANITY—now essentially connected with those of TRUTH—he



he returned to the Barbarians, and formally addressed himself to them.

His discourse was admirably calculated for the sublime purpose of enforcing the unity of a Supreme Being, invisible to the feeble eyes of Mortals, and even inaccessible to the most dignified efforts of Reason—of a Being, who, holding Nature, as it were, in his hands, is of Nature's operations the Omnipotent Regulator—of a Being, who, while he manifests over the whole earth his own goodness, receives from the Children of Men, as the homage most worthy of him, a spirit of universal benevolence, charity, and brotherly love.

Descending from generals to particulars, he next entered into a detail, adapted familiarly to illustrate the immutable laws by which both the grand Planet of Day, and the grand Planet

Planet of Night, are, at stated times, necessarily obscured by the interposition of foreign substances, interceptive of their lustre.

In this manner did Candidus, with an energy due to TRUTH, display the utmost abilities of an *unschooled*, but not *unintelligent*, Theologian, Moralist, and Naturalist: nor did he close his harangue without enriching it with a *peroration*, which would have done honour to a Mansfield had a Mansfield yet existed; and in which, briefly recapitulating what he had said, he appealed to his hearers, whether it did not argue them destitute of common sense to adore brute-images; to imagine that the Sun could be devoured by a Monster; or by any means to maintain as a principle, that the Divinity was capable of being pleased with sacrifices of the blood of his creatures.

Unhappily, the Che-Kiangian considered not, that the Barbarians were unacquainted with his language;—a circumstance, however, of which they now took care to remind him, by suspending their pious adorations to the Idol; by untying from the stake the old Chinese; and—sad reverse!—by putting in his place the *sermonising* Candidus.

#### CH A P. VI.

##### *His miraculous Deliverance.*

**O**UR Adventurer would, doubtless, have been to the full as well employed all this while in pursuing his journey. This he might have done with ease, favoured as he was by the Eclipse, and still more by the inattention of the Idolaters to every thing but the object of their worship—that dreadful object,



on which every eye had remained fixed with a reverential awe.—Certain it is, nevertheless, that nothing can bias from his purpose an upright man, who, when he thinks it may be *useful*, is bent, like Candidus, on *speaking the TRUTH*.

Restored to liberty, and to life, the Chinese now walked off; not without expressing his amazement, however, at the indiscretion of the young Traveller, and even loudly exulting at a circumstance which had so unexpectedly wrought his own deliverance.

At the crisis to which matters were now brought, nothing but a miracle could have saved Candidus from an immediate termination of all his misfortunes by a bloody death; and, miracle as it may be supposed, by Chance was this actually effected, or rather, perhaps, by Sincera, who, as being the hand-  
E 2 maid

maid of Fate, could not but possess powers superiour to those of Chance.

At the close, then, of the Eclipse—nay, at the very moment in which it was resolved that he should suffer—a darkness, more gloomy far than the former, pervaded the whole horison:—the country seemed to be threatened with an universal deluge;—terrific the lightening flashed, the thunder roared;—and at length—to complete the general dismay—by the descent of a thunder-bolt, in an instant was the Idol reduced to ashes.

This event was the salvation of Candidus; and that life which, the minute before, was on the point of being sacrificed to Superstition, was now by Superstition preserved.

Impressed with a notion, that the captive stranger was protected by a Power more formidable than the one they worshipped, the gross Idolaters of Palozu

lozu concluded, that, if they did not forthwith set at large their purposed victim, to the fury of that Power they should certainly fall victims themselves. — With one consent, therefore, they cut asunder the cords, with which the Che-Kiangian was tied, and ushered him, with every ceremony of savage respect, into a hut occupied by one of the leading men of the village.

There every refreshment was laid before him, which a hungry stomach could demand, or rather which the owner of a hungry stomach could in *reason* expect from a race of Barbarians; and having recruited his fatigued body, and yet-more exhausted spirits, by a comfortable repast, he intimated, by signals, his wish to go to rest. — They accordingly left him; and presently were all the cares and the



the sorrows of Candidus buried in a profound sleep.

## C H A P. VII.

He embarks for *Balfora*; and is turned adrift, in an empty Boat, to seek his Fortune on the *wide Ocean*.

**I**N the morning, unmolested by the Inhabitants, our Traveller departed from Palozu; nor was it long before, having reached the capital of Aracan, he embarked on board of a vessel bound for Balfora.

During the voyage, which was equally tedious and full of danger, Candidus continued exceedingly upon the reserve; speaking little, but reading and reflecting much.—One day, two of the Sailors stole something from the Captain's cabin; and by accident the native of Che-  
Kiang,

Kiang, as well as several of the other Passengers, actually witnessed the theft.

On being examined, the pilfering varlets boldly asserted their innocence; but the Captain, strongly suspicious of their guilt, and more and more anxious to obtain proofs of it, was determined closely to question on the subject every individual on board.

Vain, however, would have been all his interrogatories, but for the immovable integrity of a Candidus.—By the very persons who had positively seen the fact committed, positively was the most distant knowledge of it disavowed.

Too much was this for a “Friend of Truth” to bear; and when at last the Captain desired to hear what our Adventurer knew of the matter, beyond the possibility of a doubt was the crime fixed by him on the two Sailors.

With

With an indignant glance at his fellow-travellers, he then added,

“Mercy *may*, nay, in most cases, *should*, direct our feelings; but Falsehood shall never, at least in *my* presence, rear her head triumphant over Justice. — To connive at a bad action, is, in fact, to abet it:—it is virtually to propagate, as well as actually to partake in, that guilt which every good man should esteem it his duty to *detect*, and, as far as in him lies, to *suppress*.” —

Sentiments like these, too *obscure* to command the *attention* of his present auditors, provoked only their *ridicule*. — He immediately returned, therefore, to his meditations; and though more than ever he lamented the depravity of the human mind, yet was he pleased to think, that, for his own part, with a heart still uncorrupted, no consideration

tion



tion whatever could tempt him to swerve, one moment, from the paths of TRUTH, deserted as they seemed to be by all the world beside.

In the mean time, the culprits made the necessary atonement for their transgression by undergoing the discipline, then usual, in such cases, among the mariners of the East—that of a severe bastinado; *so* severe, indeed, that, with every bitter imprecation, they vowed vengeance for it on the hapless Che-Kiangian.

Fond of *fun*, and, in their hearts, not undelighted with *mischief*, the rest of the crew were by no means averse from assisting them in the execution of a project, which, according to their conceptions, was admirably calculated to promote *both*; and accordingly, a few nights after, while all on board were fast asleep, the party excepted whose turn it was

was to *watch*, Candidus—with threats of immediate death, should he dare to make the least resistance—was hurried out of his hammock; hoisted upon deck; tumbled over-board into a boat, already prepared for his reception; and there, struggling with the waves, left to *speake as much TRUTH as he pleased, to the INHABITANTS OF THE DEEP.*

### C H A P. VIII.

Abandoned by *Man*, but still protected by *Heaven*, he once more sets foot on *Terra Firma.*

WITH the aid of a friendly spring-tide, and of a gentle breeze, which happily co-operated with it, Candidus—to his own utter astonishment, if not to the astonishment of the reader—had the good luck to reach land in a few hours. — Unconscious, however,

however, that it was on the delightful coast of Yemen, Fortune had thrown him, perils unnumbered seemed still to encompass our world-renounced Adventurer.—At the least noise—conceiving it to be that of some monster ready to devour him—he shrunk, he started; but neither had he the will nor the power to move a step forward.

In this state of alarm he remained till day began to dawn; and then, charmed he beheld before him a country beautiful as the most luxuriant imagination could fondly picture to itself—a country, in which Autumn and Spring appeared to assist each other in enriching the earth with fruits, while they embellished it with flowers.

Not less elated now, than before he had been depressed, Candidus, in the joy of his heart, feelingly acknowledged, that “there is no evil in this world



world without its attendant blessing." Yet could he not help venting a sigh whenever he thought of Che-Kiang; so much justice is there in *another* common saying, namely, that "we never think any country equal to that which, as being the loved spot of our nativity, and scene of our earliest joys, we emphatically call *our own*."

Let this be as it may — for we must not now dwell on things that are *common* — if Candidus still gave the preference to Che-Kiang, it was not because in Che-Kiang he was born, but because in Che-Kiang Virtue was the darling of the inhabitants, and her precepts were the sacred rule of their actions; — because there people might speak the language of TRUTH without the risque of being *poisoned!* — of being *beld up to scorn!* — of being *turned out of doors!* — of being *knocked on the head!* — of being *banished!*  
blow — of

—of being *thrown into prison!*—of being *tossed out of a window!*—of being *abandoned, in an empty boat, to the mercy of the winds and waves!*—

In the mean while, our Adventurer continued to advance slowly up the country; and the farther he advanced, the more was he impressed with an admiration of it.—Of houses there seemed to be few.—At a considerable distance, however, he at length espied one, which, superiour to the rest in simplicity and neatness, was rendered peculiarly captivating to the “Friend of Truth,” from the circumstance of a little Temple of white marble adjoining to it—a Temple, of which the appearance bespoke it the actual abode of INNOCENCE, if such she had on earth.

On his approach to the *House*—though still his eyes were fixed on the *Temple*—he beheld, under the shadow

of some palm-trees—which defended the avenue to *both* from the scorching rays of the Sun — a man, whose hoary locks, added to a countenance placid but majestic, inspired him at once with respect, and with confidence.

By no people is age held in so much reverence as by the Chinese: and, indeed, what object can be more engaging to a mind, uncorrupted by habits of Dissipation, than that of a man, whose existence is not rendered a burthen to himself by the infirmity, and to others by the peevishness, which too often embitter the close of even a well-spent life! — that of a man, in fine, whose features, wrinkled by TIME, but undeformed by VICE, seem, as it were, to *invite*, while they *announce*, an approaching transit to the realms of bliss! —

Such was Alsaleh, the venerable personage who now appeared before  
Candidus.



Candidus. Of this delightful spot was he the peaceful owner; and the Che-Kiangian—insensibly attracted toward the aged stranger—threw himself before him, seized one of his hands, and repeatedly pressed it to his breast, while he watered it with his tears.—Alfaleh, on his part, felt a glow of sympathetic attachment to the ingenuous youth, for which he hardly knew how to account; but with which he was so powerfully animated, that already he seemed to behold him with the eyes of a Father.

Having, with a tender emotion, raised him from the ground, and folded him in his arms, he enquired by what singular accident our Adventurer had thus landed upon a coast so rarely visited by strangers.—Candidus then related to him all the misfortunes, the hardships, and the dangers, to which his love of TRUTH had exposed him;

and though he spoke not a word about the Oracle of his Protectress, he yet could not help declaring, that if there was a spot on earth, beside Che-Kiang, where the *language of SINCERITY* might be spoken without giving offence, he could wish it were that to which Fate had now conducted him.

“Alas! my Son”—exclaimed Alsalah with a sigh—“here, as in the various regions you have already traversed, Flattery alike surrounds the Throne and the Mansions of the Great. Near these, TRUTH must not be uttered; nor, if uttered, will the presumption be allowed to pass unpunished.—If a Monarch, deservedly famed for every virtue beside, could have stooped to listen to the sincere, though respectful, advice of a subject, zealous for the promotion of his glory, and warmly interested in the cause of humanity,

“ in

“in me, you might, at this hour, have  
 “beheld the Vizir of the King of  
 “Yemen.—  
 “I perceive your astonishment,”  
 continued the old man; “nor will it  
 “be lessened when you shall have heard  
 “from my history, by what trifles the  
 “Powerful of the Earth may be of-  
 “fended, and all the services of a  
 “faithful subject for ever effaced from  
 “their memory.”

## CHAP. IX.

*The History of a Courtier, virtuous though dis-  
 graced, and though disgraced yet happy.*

“UNDER the scepter”—resumed  
 Alsaleh after a short pause—  
 “under the scepter of the magnanimous  
 “Nourgehan, the kingdom of Yemem  
 “enjoyed, for above twenty years, all the  
 “blessings which could flow from an al-  
 “most-uninterrupted peace.—Beloved!



by his Subjects, dreaded by his  
Foes, respected by his Neighbours,  
beyond all the other Princes of Asia  
did Nourghan enjoy the god-like  
praise of being at once a great, and  
an upright Monarch.

His favourite diversion was the chase,  
particularly that of the beasts of prey;  
and in this he indulged, not merely  
because it afforded a scope to his  
courage, but because it tended also  
to destroy the most dangerous ene-  
mies to the flocks of his subjects.

Often would he quit the palace of  
Mouab, and climb the mountains of  
Masfa, in dauntless defiance of the  
fierce tyger, and of the mighty lion.  
—Those mountains I then inhabited  
in the humble, though happy, condi-  
tion of a shepherd. I had numbered  
my five-and-twentieth year; had re-  
ceived

received an education superiour to what generally falls to the lot of my station; and was, at all the feats of heroic exertion, accounted the most expert youth in the whole country.

— One day, the King having outstripped his attendants in the pursuit of a furious wolf, arrived at the very place where I was employed in watching my flock.—With wonder I beheld him assail the beast alone; and as I had never seen Nourgehan—in whose garb there was nothing now by which he might be distinguished from one of the Emirs in his retinue—I flew to his assistance, unconscious that he was my Sovereign.

Armed both for annoyance and defence, with my trusty javelin I happily slew the wolf; at the very moment, too, in which the Prince, unequal to the contest, because already

‘ overcome with fatigue, must other-  
‘ wife have fallen a victim to the rage  
‘ of his merciless antagonist.—Nourge-  
‘ han expressed to me all the gratitude  
‘ of a generous, an exalted, soul ; and  
‘ at length—pleased with my answers—  
‘ he asked, if I had never thought of  
‘ presenting myself at Court.—

“ At Court !” exclaimed I—“ alas !  
what should *I* do at Court ?—A stran-  
ger to Ambition, a stranger to Avarice,  
in the culture of this spot of ground,  
and in the care of that little flock, I  
find an ample gratification of all my  
wishes, an ample provision for all my  
wants.—The King, great as he is in  
power, can add nothing to the felicity  
of a man, whose sole object is, to live  
in a state of peaceful obscurity ; to ren-  
der himself in that state useful ; and—as  
the occupation dearest to his heart—to  
cherish, in the evening of life, a help-  
less



less Father.—All these blessings here do I possess on my native mountains; and were I not satisfied with them, in vain should I search for happiness elsewhere.”—

“But,” resumed Nourgehan, “if you were to go to Mouab, the King, perhaps, whose benevolence is not unknown, might”——

“Unknown!” eagerly, but rudely interrupted I—“No: even in these deserts the benevolence of Nourgehan is our constant theme.—Are we to be told, that it is to Him—that it is to the love he bears to his People—we are indebted, under Heaven, for all the comforts we enjoy?—Is not Nourgehan the Friend, the Benefactor, the Father, of his People?—As such, at every setting Sun, do we not, with one accord, fervently offer up prayers, that the days of our Sovereign may be long!—that still  
his

his reign may be prosperous!—that he may leave behind him, to rule over our most remote posterity, children who shall perpetuate his virtues!—Ah! did you know, or could you but conceive, what anxiety prevails among us, when he is occasionally obliged to take up arms against the wandering Arabs of the Desert!—And when, the other day—on his return from the expulsion of those restless plunderers—he was seized with a distemper, which threatened to cut short the thread of his days, why was it, think you, that he was enabled to baffle the shafts of Death?—It was because there was not an individual among us, who did not offer to the Divinity his own life for that of a Monarch whom he loved, whom he adored.”—

“ I spoke with all the ardour of a loyal enthusiasm; nor could the Prince  
“ suppress

‘ suppress the transports with which  
‘ through that enthusiasm he was agita-  
‘ ted.—Never, it is evident, could he  
‘ have received a stronger assurance of  
‘ the *sincerity* with which he was prai-  
‘ sed; and with tears, which vainly  
‘ he strove to conceal, he said to me,  
“ Adieu, thou brave, thou virtuous,  
youth!—Too much love hast thou for  
thy King, not to experience his friend-  
ship; and ere long wilt thou hear from  
him.”—

‘ With these words, he clasped me  
‘ in his arms, and then with precipita-  
‘ tion departed.

‘ Having thought nothing farther of  
‘ what had passed at this interview—  
‘ for, ignorant as I was of *Courts*, I  
‘ knew too much of them, however,  
‘ to pay a moment’s attention to what a  
‘ *Courtier* might tell me—I was not a  
‘ little astonished, the next morning, to  
‘ receive



‘ receive a message from the King,  
‘ commanding my *immediate* attendance  
‘ at the foot of the Throne.

‘ Couched though the mandate was  
‘ in a *peremptory*, and even, as I con-  
‘ ceived it, an *angry*, style, I yet felt  
‘ myself in no degree terrified about it.  
‘ My heart reproached me with no  
‘ guilt; and the character of Nourge-  
‘ han told me, that I had nothing to  
‘ apprehend on the score of injustice.  
‘ —In company with the Emir, who  
‘ had been commissioned to conduct me  
‘ to Mouab, I accordingly, with all  
‘ possible despatch, set out on my  
‘ journey; though not till I had en-  
‘ trusted my flock to the care of one of  
‘ my neighbours, and taken a tender—  
‘ alas! a final—farewell of my weep-  
‘ ing Father.

‘ On being ushered into the royal  
‘ presence, I threw myself prostrate be-  
‘ fore

‘ fore my Sovereign; and thus I remained till, with his own hands, he raised me from the ground.

“ Shepherd,” said he, with an air of gracious affability, which never forsook Nourgehan, and which seemed to diffuse around his Throne an additional lustre—“ Shepherd, I am He, of whose life, at the peril of thy own, thou wast yesterday the preserver.—Wert thou a man of vulgar mould, with riches, and with empty titles, would I acquit my obligation to thee; but from the dignity of thy mind, from the contempt with which thou lookest down on opulence and grandeur, I pronounce thee worthy—more than worthy—to be my chief Counsellour.—In the character of Vizir, then, henceforth shalt thou co-operate with me in the prosecution of such measures as may yet-more promote the happiness

of my People, yet-more conciliate to me their love.”—

‘ In a country like Yemen—where  
‘ one glance of Royalty is sufficient to  
‘ elevate a subject to the summit of  
‘ honour, or to plunge him into an  
‘ abyfs of infamy—a choice so precipi-  
‘ tate, and, apparently, so preposse-  
‘ rous also, is hardly productive of won-  
‘ der. Yet was I confounded that it  
‘ should have been *my* lot thus to be  
‘ singled out for preferment; because  
‘ I had never expressed a desire to  
‘ emerge from my native insignificance  
‘ —or rather, perhaps, because I was  
‘ still inclined to doubt *that* to be pos-  
‘ sible, of which—far from having  
‘ formed a wish about it—I had not,  
‘ till now, formed even an idea.

‘ Not less from a motive of fear,  
‘ that I should be unable to fulfil  
‘ the duties of so momentous a charge,  
‘ than



‘ than of regret, that I must never  
‘ more hope to taste the sweets of that  
‘ virtuous serenity, in which had hi-  
‘ therto, consisted my joy, the pro-  
‘ fered dignity I again and again res-  
‘ pectfully declined. — Nourgehan,  
‘ however, was inexorable; and at  
‘ length—grateful to my Sovereign for  
‘ his goodness, but undelighted with  
‘ the prospect of filling an office, surpas-  
‘ sed in authority but by his own—I  
‘ yielded a reluctant obedience to his  
‘ commands.

‘ Raised as I now was to a situation  
‘ in which so much good, and so much  
‘ evil, might be done, never did I  
‘ court the favour of my Royal Master,  
‘ but by endeavours to merit, at the  
‘ same time, the affections of his Peo-  
‘ ple.—Between their interests and his  
‘ —conceiving them to be essentially  
‘ the same—I strove not to make the

‘ smallest distinction; nor did I ever  
‘ dare to substitute my caprice, or my  
‘ will, in the place of the established  
‘ laws of the realm—laws, however,  
‘ of which I scrupled not, on all occa-  
‘ sions, to moderate the severity, when  
‘ it might be done without an absolute  
‘ perversion of the ends of Justice.—  
‘ To Vice was I an inflexible enemy; to  
‘ Virtue, a steadfast friend. By Virtue’s  
‘ laws it was, indeed, my sole study to  
‘ rule; and of all men I held him the  
‘ most worthless, who—knowing, that  
‘ on himself depended the happiness,  
‘ or the misery, of a whole nation—  
‘ could stoop to indulge in the emascu-  
‘ lating enjoyments of a Seraglio.

‘ For a long series of years, such  
‘ were my principles, such was my con-  
‘ duct; and for both I received an ade-  
‘ quate reward—the only one, indeed,  
‘ worthy of an exalted mind—the  
‘ smiles

• smiles of my King, and the blessings  
• of my Fellow-Subjects.—

• ‘But, perhaps’—continued the good,  
the venerable Alsaleh—‘perhaps, my  
• Son, you are tired with hearing me  
• talk so much about myself. There  
• can be no vanity, however, in saying  
• we have done what it was, in fact,  
• our *duty* to do; and far is it from  
• my wish to insinuate, that I was with-  
• out faults.—From faults what man  
• is exempted?—Heaven knows, mine,  
• nevertheless, were not voluntary ones;  
• and with my last breath to the Divi-  
• nity will I express my joy, that, in  
• their consequences, they proved in-  
• jurious but to myself.

• ‘Of my errors, then—such as they  
• were—certain Courtiers, envious of  
• the pre-eminence I enjoyed, took an  
• artful, but a most unjustifiable, advan-  
• tage.—At first, affecting to *pathiate*  
• them



• them, they seemed to be guided by  
• motives pure and disinterested; and  
• thus it was, that, in order to humble  
• me more effectually afterwards, they  
• obtained from their Sovereign a degree  
• of notice which they little deserved.

• Nourgehan still honoured me with  
• his confidence; and with *that* for my  
• shield, I stood unmoved amidst the in-  
• sidious, though envenomed, attacks  
• of the intentional assassins of my ho-  
• nour.—At length, however—under the  
• specious pretext of a *zeal for the wel-*  
• *fare of the State*—they so far succeeded  
• in their machinations as to occasion  
• a sensible diminution in that influence  
• which I had hitherto maintained with  
• my Sovereign inviolate, and which—  
• having in no instance knowingly ex-  
• erted it, but for the promotion of the  
• public good—I judged myself entitled  
• to preserve inviolate still.

• At

At the court of Mouab, as at many other courts, there is but one step from a state of *actual* favouritism to a state of *actual* disgrace; and what served to complete my downfall was, a bold TRUTH, which no other person dared to avow, and which I dared, because I owed it to JUSTICE—owed it to a *deluded* MONARCH—owed it, alas! to a more-than-deluded, a *cruelly-injured* COUNTRY.

Bostam, who enjoyed the chief command of the troops, had, at this period, lost an important battle; and loud was the clamour excited against him for an event, of which, as having been fatally unfortunate, it was basely endeavoured to stamp him the guilty authour.

Could I witness such proceedings, and not spurn at them?—No.—In the midst, therefore, of a persecution unmerited

‘merited as it was unprecedented, I  
‘stood forth the advocate of the gallant,  
‘though discomfited Chief; and this  
‘I did, not because I knew him to be  
‘my Friend, but because I knew him  
‘to be himself, on the present occasion,  
‘*friendless*—because I knew, alas! that  
‘it was *determined* to render him the  
‘victim of a disaster, which it had been  
‘impossible for him to foresee, and  
‘which, at any rate, he had been denied  
‘the means to prevent.

‘In vain was it to tell me, that  
‘Nourgehan had already doomed him,  
‘unheard, to a perpetual banishment.  
‘—This circumstance served but to  
‘animate me the more in his defence;  
‘and with such zeal did I assert  
‘his still-unshaken loyalty, patriotism,  
‘and courage, that I found myself  
‘subjected to the heavy charge of  
‘having



‘ having set at defiance the royal  
‘ authority.

‘ Already displeased at my *firmness*—  
‘ or rather, as he had been taught to  
‘ believe it, my *contumacy*—the King  
‘ too readily listened to this foul asper-  
‘ sion; and many days had not elapsed  
‘ when I received orders to accompany  
‘ Bostam in his exile.

‘ Of the spot to which we should  
‘ retire, happily, the choice was left to  
‘ ourselves; and here I accordingly fixed  
‘ my residence with all it was left me  
‘ to hold dear on earth — a Wife, a  
‘ Daughter, and a Friend!

‘ In *their* arms, I wept for the lost  
‘ protection of a Monarch, whom now I  
‘ pitied yet-more than I had ever loved;  
‘ but if aught I knew of sorrow, that  
‘ I was no longer suffered to enjoy the  
‘ rank to which, against my will, he had  
‘ exalted me, it was because I was also no  
‘ longer

‘ longer suffered to enjoy the power, connected with that rank, of contributing to the welfare of a grateful People.

‘ Bostam bore not his fall with the like equanimity. — Neither could the consolations of Friendship, nor the sweets of Tranquillity and Retirement, efface from his diseased mind the charms of Ambition. — To the consuming pangs of Grief and Disappointment he remained a ceaseless prey for the period of twelve revolving moons, when — still bitterly fighting for a restoration of the honours which had been so cruelly torn from him — he breathed his last upon my bosom.

‘ By the death of my Friend, I found myself infinitely more affected than I had been by the loss of rank — by the loss of even power; but in the tenderness of my Nadina, and in the caresses of an infant-prattler, the only remaining

‘maining pledge of our loves, I still  
‘found a balm for all my woes.

‘With Them, for fifteen years, did  
‘I lead a life of calm delight. — During  
‘that period, the whole of my time—  
‘unless what I devoted to the study of  
‘Nature, and of Nature’s God—was en-  
‘grossed by the occupations, which our  
‘daily subsistence rendered necessary, or  
‘by those, yet-more pleasing, which were  
‘essential to the plan of education I had  
‘laid down for a beloved child; — a  
‘child, who continued still to cheer her  
‘father with the promise — now beyond  
‘his own most sanguine expectations  
‘realised—that she would, one day, am-  
‘ply requite him for all the pains he  
‘took to cultivate her genius, and to  
‘enrich her mind.

‘But ah! without some intervenient  
‘alloy, fleeting, at the best, are all the  
‘enjoyments of Man. — Six months

‘ago,



‘ ago, Nadina left met me, in order to  
‘ obtain from Heaven the reward of  
‘ those virtues, which, to her Husband,  
‘ were, even on Earth, a source of fe-  
‘ licity; and which, to her Daughter,  
‘ have proved a model of what, other-  
‘ wise, the lessons of the fondest Parent  
‘ could have but feebly inculcated to  
‘ her.

‘ My Nadina, however, is hap-  
‘ py; and, if happy, shall an accent  
‘ of murmur drop from the lips of  
‘ Alsaleh!—No: with a pious resigna-  
‘ tion—the fruit of a well-grounded  
‘ assurance, that, ere long, without  
‘ the possibility of a *second* disunion,  
‘ blissful they shall meet again—cheer-  
‘ fully will he still adore the Power that  
‘ inflicted even *this*, the last, and the se-  
‘ verest, stroke he ever experienced.’

## C H A P. X.

*Candidus in Love, or seemingly on the Eve of  
being so.*

THUS spoke the venerable Alfaleh, while down his furrowed cheek, in silent progression, trickled an unre-sisted tear—a tear, which, to those who had themselves never known what it was to *weep*, or who from *weeping* had never known what it was to enjoy a *pleasure*, would have appeared a down-right violation of his boasted serenity; but which Candidus sympathetically felt to be a balmy effusion of joy at his having thus had an opportunity of cordially unbosoming himself to a soul congenial with his own.

Borne away by a thousand rapturous emotions at the sight of a VICTIM TO TRUTH, hardly had the old man concluded his narrative, when the Che-

Kiangian started up, and, with a filial embrace, clasped him in his arms.

“ Ah ! my Father,” cried he—“ FATHER !—eternal blessings attend the found !—ah ! my Father, how easily do I forget all my own sufferings in the cause of violated Honour, of violated Probity, when I think of what, in the same god-like cause, You have undergone !—Could I but hope, that My presence might render you happier than you already are—that the attachment of a young man, whose only merit is, that he is a Friend to VIRTUE, and to SINCERITY, might diffuse an *additional* smile over the evening of a life so gloriously spent as yours hath been—then would I not cease to bless Heaven for having directed me to a spot, where I might be suffered to exist, and yet *not exist in vain !*—”

“ Well,



“Well, then,” returned Alfaleh—  
“remain, and be to me—what by Fate  
I have been denied—a Son!—Here  
may you find a residence, which, if it  
shall not have charms sufficient to atone  
to a Che-Kiangian for the absence from  
his own country, shall, however, prove  
to Him—as it hath proved to Me—AN  
ASYLUM FROM THE PERSECUTIONS OF A  
CORRUPT WORLD!”——

To this with the only answer of Candidus was, a sigh, and the whispered exclamations, “O my dear native Che-Kiang! O my beloved Tzum-Kcheu and Xuam-Tzie!”——

While thus the ingenuous and expanded hearts of Alfaleh and Candidus were mutually employed in forming the links of a heaven-inspired friendship, the Sun had reached the meridian of his career.

“Come,” said Alfaleh—“let us step in: the hour is arrived which tells me, that my Fatima is on her return from the attendance on a little flock, prospered by her daily care.—Then come, my Son; and let us partake of such frugal fare as she, in rustic fashion, shall present to us.”—

They accordingly proceeded homeward; and hardly were they seated in an elegant little apartment, now rendered particularly delicious by the cooling breezes from the North, when the Daughter of Alfaleh appeared.

To her Father having expressed her love by a cordial embrace, and to the Stranger her respect by a modest salute, Alfaleh said something to her, which the Che-Kiangian understood not, but which, he plainly perceived, related to himself; for at every word the old man spoke,

spoke, the damsel eyed him with an apparent encrease of pleased attention.

Candidus, in the mean time, was equally engaged in examining Fatima.—Fatima was not handsome; and yet over her countenance, enlivened by the features of TRUTHFUL INNOCENCE, there was diffused an *unknown somewhat*, which seemed to efface from the beholder all remembrance that Nature had withheld from her a single ornament.—Beside, her deportment was fraught with those heart-commanding graces, which shine forth, in some women, without the smallest dependence on beauty, and which—dearer far to the uncontaminated bosom of Sensibility—are not, *like mere beauty*, the fleeting boast of a day.

Certain it is, however, that our Traveller liked her infinitely better than Akama, who, in the city of Louvo, had released him from prison, or than



Zelaska, who, in that very city, had threatened to have him tossed out of a window; nay, certain is it also, that when he thought of the *married* lady from Formosa—that *antidote*, as he had considered her, to *love*—his heart seemed to shrink from within him at the *contrast*.

## C H A P. XI.

*A Wonder—not, however, that a Woman should keep a Secret, which is nothing wonderful; but that a Woman should bear with Pleasure—what no Man would bear without Offence—the TRUTH!*

FROM the very first day that the Che-Kiangian passed with Alsaleh and Fatima, every thing relative to their future plan of life was settled on a footing, which each party was eager to adopt, because each entertained from it a view

of

of promoting the felicity of the other. —It was allowed by Candidus, that they should work together in common: but of this concession he knew how to avail himself by performing, as it were insensibly, all the laborious offices — offices, indeed, which, rewarded as they were with the smiles of the Daughter of Alsaleh, constituted his supreme delight.

One obstacle alone was there which he regreted; and this was, that he could speak to her in no language that she understood, unless it might be that of an *eye*, the love-fraught revealer of — freely to confess it — an already-love-fraught *heart*. — For the explanation of *words*, perpetually were they obliged to have recourse to Alsaleh; a circumstance, however, which produced in Candidus no restraint from the avowal of his thoughts respecting Fatima. — A real  
Friend

Friend of Truth is ever a real Friend of Virtue also; and though a Lover of this character could not but spurn from him the idea of saying aught to a young woman, that a Father might not hear, yet would our Traveller have been to the full as well-pleased, if, as matters now stood, there had been no occasion to have a Father for an interpreter.— In the softened bosom of Delicacy, sentiments often arise, which may, indeed, be *uttered* in the presence of a Parent; but which to the *feelings* of Delicacy, can never, even by a Parent, be properly *expressed*; and of such sentiments many were there that Candidus longed himself to express to the loved Daughter of Alfaleh.

Unhandsome as she was, every hour did the artless Fatima obtain an additional sway over the affections of the artless Che-Kiangian; and, in order to remove the inconvenience



inconvenience of being obliged thus *insipidly* to converse with her at *second-hand*, the enamoured youth, with the approbation of Alsaleh, undertook to teach her the language of Che-Kiang.

Simple was that language, and in few particulars essentially different from the Chinese; of which it was, in fact, nothing more than a dialect, uncorrupted, like the People who spoke it, by a promiscuous intercourse with foreign nations—an intercourse, not less productive, in many countries, of *jargon in discourse* than of *discord, alas! in society*.

Be this as it may, with LOVE to assist in instructing her, soon did the Daughter of Alsaleh become a Che-Kiangian in *speech*; and now was it for Candidus to try whether she was capable of being also a Che-Kiangian in *sentiment*.

“Fatima,” said he to her, one day, pressing her hand to his breast, and  
looking

looking at her—*wistfully* looking, as if anxious, but afraid, to speak—“Fatima — my *dear* Fatima,” said he, “there are many expressions, to which, every day, your Sex fondly listen from ours, and to which, alas! *though false*, they yet, every day, fondly *wish* to listen. —Unapplicable as such expressions are to the Daughter of Alfaleh, never *have* they formed—and, while the *love of* TRUTH remains in the bosom of Candidus, never *shall* they form—a part of his darling lessons to her.—Yes, to TRUTH should I be a Traitor, dearer though TRUTH’s dictates be to me than LIFE—dearer to me, Fatima, than even YOURSELF—were I to talk to you about PERSONAL *charms*; because to Nature you are little indebted for the paltry external gifts, which may for a time dazle the EYE, without for a moment, however,

however, attracting the soul, and which—dearly repaid by the neglect of endowments more permanent, and more solid—prove too often to their deluded owners a curse instead of a blessing.—Perpetually, however, will I have on my lips to you the words HEAVEN-DESCENDED VIRTUE, MODESTY, SENSIBILITY, BENEVOLENCE, MEEKNESS; for such are the features, which unite to form my Fatima—such are the features, by which alone she is distinguished from the most homely of her Sex.”—

Candidus spoke with warmth; and the Daughter of Alsaleh—hear her, ye who boast that you are the Daughters of BEAUTY! ye, however, who, vainly triumphant, but of Beauty’s favours *can* boast!—the Daughter of Alsaleh replied to him with a smile.

“ Though I am sorry,” said Fatima, “ that I am *not handsome*, I yet  
am



am pleased that Candidus should have told me so, *because it is the TRUTH.*—His *sincerity* is a proof of his *esteem*; and *that esteem*”——

“ My **ESTEEM!**” interrupted the Che-Kiangian, unable longer to suppress his joy.—“ Ah! Fatima, rather say *my LOVE—my boundless LOVE.*—I could have sworn never to cherish a tenderness for an individual of your Sex till my return to Che-Kiang; but in the adorable Daughter of Alsaleh I behold all the virtues of a Che-Kiangian united.”——

With these words, he clasped in his arms the still unblushing maid.—Unconscious now, as from her cradle she ever had been, of a single sentiment which might not, with an emphatic propriety, be styled an *immediate emanation from HEAVEN*, Fatima even *knew not what it was to blush*; and with sensations, innocent

nocent though enraptured, her very soul seemed to dissolve into that of Candidus, while he pressed her to his bosom, and while—*needless as it was*—he again and again declared, that he loved her, that he would *continue* to love her, with a TRUTH which could alone cease with his existence, or with the existence of that VIRTUE which animated them both.

At the height of this scene, their eyes—before *riveted*, as it were, to each other—were suddenly attracted by the appearance of a Female, whose looks, shrewd, but fraught with candour, evinced her to be Sincera, the heaven-commissioned Protectress of our Traveller —The Oracle being now accomplished, for the express purpose had she come of bestowing on the enamoured Pair her blessing.

“In me, my Children,” said she to them, “you behold the Fairy, who

“presided at the birth of Candidus,  
“and who pronounced the decree of  
“the Power that was to govern his  
“destiny.—The condition, on which it  
“was ordained, that his felicity should  
“depend, he hath at length fulfilled—  
“gloriously, because with unexampled  
“difficulty, fulfilled.—Instances may have  
“occurred, in which, *without offence,*  
“*though with the voice of TRUTH,* a  
“Bonze hath been told, that he is an  
“*useless,* often, indeed, a *dangerous,*  
“member of society; a King, that he  
“countenances FLATTERY, and even  
“his Ministers, that they not only coun-  
“tenance, but practise also OPPRES-  
“sion; an Authour, that he possesses  
“every virtue under Heaven, but has  
“*written a piece which will discredit him;*  
“a Phyfician, that he is a Blockhead—  
“a pompous Blockhead—who, blindly  
“attached to a certain *system,* chooses  
“to



“ to kill his patients *systematically*, rather  
“ than from *that* system to deviate: but  
“ *never till now—without being considered*  
“ *by her as the vilest of insults—was a*  
“ WOMAN told, that she had no pretensions  
“ to BEAUTY.—Hence, then, to Che-  
“ Kiang, both of you!—Unbafet with  
“ obstacles, the path to that happy fpor  
“ is before you.—Thither let the Father  
“ of Fatima alfo repair; for worthy as his  
“ Daughter is the venerable Alfaleh to  
“ refide in a LAND OF TRUTH!—With  
“ impatience do Tzum-Kcheu and  
“ Xuam-Tzie wait to behold their  
“ long-loft Son, accompanied with his  
“ peerlefs Bride.—Qualified to fpeak to  
“ each other the TRUTH, without the  
“ danger of taking umbrage at it, hap-  
“ pinefs unalloyed, my Children, will  
“ be your portion; and ah! how many  
“ HUSBANDS, how many WIVES, too,  
“ are there who will figh, but figh in

“vain, to live together as CANDIDUS  
“and FATIMA shall live!”—

Hardly is it necessary to add, that—  
*with the assistance of SINCERA*—quick as  
thought, Candidus, Alsaleh, and the  
Daughter of Alsaleh, were wafted  
to Che-Kiang; that there the two Lovers  
were indissolubly united in the sacred  
bonds of wedlock; that they both arrived  
at a good old age; and that, blessed, in  
the mean while, with Children worthy  
of their Parents, in those Children, de-  
lighted they beheld the revival of all  
that each in the other held dear.

Imperfect, indeed, would have been  
the joys of Candidus, had his Fatima  
not borne to him a Son, who might  
learn from a Father, long practised  
in the school of Misfortune, to put  
naught on Earth in competition with  
TRUTH and VIRTUE.—But, alas! a felicity,  
like that of our Traveller, happens  
but

but once in the course of an hundred centuries. Thus, since the days of Candidus, no Che-Kiangian has been subjected to trials like his.—The reason is manifest.—**IN WHAT COUNTRY WAS TO BE FOUND ANOTHER FATIMA?**



**THE**

**1,**



THE  
Embarrassments of Love:  
A NOVEL.

— What if I talk'd of Love? —  
— Of Love! Oh, Monster! —  
— If Love be monstrous, so is this fair frame,  
This beauteous world, this canopy, the sky:  
Oh, give me but to taste her blissful charms! —

Rowe.

**I**N both Sexes, not less various are the effects of Love than are the features of the Face, or rather than are the dispositions of the Mind;—dispositions, which are, indeed, of those effects the necessary cause.

From a text so *sententiously* grave, what a scope for the frigid pen of Insensibility to *prove* a fact which, *self-evident already*, sets farther proofs at defiance, and which, to the eye of philosophic observation, may, every day, be more forcibly illustrated by *scenes in actual*

LIFE

LIFE than it could be by the *learned insipidity of fifty* VOLUMES!

Thus it is with many other truths, in which, the HEART alone being concerned, it were vain to expect instruction but from an attention to the *operations* of the heart.—On the present occasion, then, begone, ye musty *comments!* and ah! begone also—if it be possible!—thou Power soporific, who of such comments art the source, *unanimating, as unanimated!*—

Jack Melville—having bidden a final adieu to the restraints of a collegiate life—had not left Oxford many weeks, nor arrived in London many days, when he saw Miss Julia Howard—saw her, and loved!—Naturally sanguine, he instantly vowed to her his passion; and, sanguine as he was, for months and months did he *continue* to vow it, unrewarded with the *smallest apparent* return

turn from the idolised mistress of his affections.

This was too much for the impetuous, the love-untutoured, Melville.

"If Julia," exclaimed he to himself with a sigh, one morning, as he was taking a pensive turn in the Park—"if Julia did but know a thousandth part of the pangs that torture my bosom, she would not—she could not—be thus provokingly silent!—Cruel Julia, from this moment will I forget thee!—will I tear thee from my heart!—will I—"

"Right, Jack!" interruptively cried the gay Sir Charles Frankley, who, gently pacing it behind him, had overheard the impassioned soliloquy—"right, my boy!" cried he—"renounce the unfeeling simpleton! leave to Me the formation of her infant-manners! and in the mean while—courting  
in



in her stead Variety—enjoy those pleasures which alone from Variety can flow !”——

In no humour was Melville to relish the coxcomby advice of his dissipated Friend.—Love seemed still to insinuate to him, that it was bashfulness, not indifference, which sealed the lips of his Julia ; and that, of course, his wishes might, in time, be crowned with success.

To the completion of those wishes, however, there was another obstacle more powerful than he yet imagined.—Miss Howard resided under the roof of a maiden Aunt, who, at the sober age of forty, retained all the affectation of giddy fifteen ; and who, disappointed in love at that early period herself, seemed ever after to be happy but in proportion as the rest of her sex were disappointed in it also.

“ Trust

“Trust not in the Men, Julia—they are dissemblers all!”—

Every day did this maxim form the morning-lesson, and the evening-lesson, of Miss Fairfax to her Niece; by whom it could not, at length, have been more implicitly believed, had it been a truth sacred as the gospel.

“Alas!” thought she, “my Aunt cannot be mistaken in a point which she constantly inculcates to me with so much confidence; and though deceived she may have been, when young, yet now, infensible surely to love, against deception she must be proof.”—

Here, however, Julia only betrayed her ignorance.—Miss Fairfax—not contented with the ridiculous *tendresses* of Sir Charles Frankley, which he archly lavished upon her, as an indulgence to her vanity, and an amusement to his own

own caprice—had for some time beheld also with admiration the manly graces of Jack Melville.

“Frankley,” thought she, and, for once, *truly* did she think—“Frankley is a rake whom the charms of no Woman can long *seriously* attach; but Melville—Heavens! what a sweet fellow is Melville!—Nature formed him for Love.”—

So watchful was she of this very Melville, that he was rarely blessed with the sight of Miss Howard, without being cursed, at the same time, with the presence of Miss Fairfax.—On such occasions, hardly did Julia dare to raise her eyes from the ground; yet could she not help listening to the soft whispers of her heart, which told her, that as she had for a Lover the most amiable of Men, so she had for an Aunt the most disagreeable of Women.

Thus



Thus were they situated, one day, when Sir Charles Frankley made one of the party.

“The sweet Innocents!” thought he — “a thousand things have they to say to each other, yet must they not open their lips! — I will withdraw, and contrive to carry Miss Fairfax with me.” —

This he accordingly effected, to the no small joy, but perplexity, of Miss Howard.

“Now —” said Melville to himself, full of gratitude for the expedient which his Friend had so generously adopted to serve him — “now will I come to an explanation with Julia!” —

Hardly had he uttered a word, however, when she moved, in order to retire. — He held her; and her disorder encreased.

“Shall

“ Shall there be no period, then, to your insensibility, Julia?—What, not even a *look* which may revive my spirits!”—

“ Alas!” replied Julia, in the soft accent of native Innocence—“ alas! Sir, I seem to be rather at a loss for spirits myself.”——

“ Ah! Julia, I fear you do not love me.”——

Julia blushed, but answered not.

“ Ungrateful girl!”——

“ Indeed, Mr. Melville, I am *not* ungrateful.”——

“ Then you love me?”——

“ I have not said so.”——

“ Heavens!” cried the disappointed Melville.

And up he started in a passion.

“ Yes, Madam, I am convinced, that, far from entertaining the smallest regard for me, my very presence is

odious to you.—With that presence, however, no longer shall you be offended!—Yes, from this fatal hour, adieu will I bid to you for ever!”—

At these words, Julia coloured; and with eyes fixed upon the floor, speechless she remained with confusion.

How eloquent was her silence!—To Melville, however, it had no charms; nor could aught satisfy him, unless the timid, the artless Julia would unreservedly declare to him her tenderness—declare it, too, in terms enraptured as his own.

This scene of embarrassment was at length terminated by the arrival of Miss Fairfax; who could not suppress a malicious titter, when she found that our Lovers had quarrelled—They now both retired—Julia, that she might give a vent to the anguish of insulted Delicacy---



cacy—Melville, to the fury of ill-requested Love.

“How unaccountable is the behaviour of Mr. Melville!” exclaimed Julia, soon as she had reached her chamber.—  
 “Ungrateful Youth! what would he have of me?—Have I not already said too much?—Will he leave nothing for Fancy to tell him?—Alas! his motive is too plain: all he wants is, that, having induced me freely to confess to him my weakness, he may afterwards forsake me.—Often has my Aunt told me, that the deceiver Man loves not but for his own sake---that of all his actions the wretched object *self* is the unvaried principle.---Ah me! that I should live so *feelingly* to experience, that in speaking thus my Aunt said nothing but what is truth!”——

As for Melville, deprived before of repose, he was now deprived also of  
health,

health, by the behaviour of Julia; and already had he been confined for two days with a fever, when Sir Charles Frankley paid a visit to him.

On being told the cause of his illness, Frankley could not help smiling. "Is that all?" cried he.---"Despond not, Jack---I will myself be your Physician.---This instant will I go to Julia---the *cruel* Julia, as you call her:---to *her* will I describe your love, your despair; and confident I am, that, when she has heard of the condition you are in, she will weary Heaven with prayers for your recovery.---"

"This is no subject for banter," replied Melville, disgusted rather than consoled with the levity of his Friend.---

More would he have said, but Sir Charles was already gone; nor was it in his power to recall him.

To

To Miss Fairfax the sudden absence of Melville was a fund of astonishment, as to her Niece it was of distress.—Convinced, that it afforded an undeniable proof of his fickleness, the only comfort of Julia was, that she had not *expressly* revealed to him the secret of her heart.

“If *assured* of the triumph he had gained over my affections,” thought she, “how would he have acted, since already—*though full of uncertainty about it*—he flies from me in search of new conquests! — My Aunt is surely a very *Oracle* of truth!”—

In this state of mind was she when Sir Charles Frankley was announced to her.—With what a mixture of sorrow and of alarm did she learn the tidings of her lover’s illness!—did she learn, too, that by Love it was occasioned!—



“It is *not* true, then,” exultingly whispered she to herself, “that Melville is inconstant!—it is *not* true, then, that Vanity is the source of his Love! No: Vanity produces not in the bosom effects like those to which my dear Melville is a prey!”—

These reflections, however, served only to heighten her distress.—She longed to convey to his wounded mind the balm of consolation; yet could she not devise the *means* by which it might be conveyed.

“Come, Madam,” said Sir Charles, “there is no time to be lost.—You must endeavour to repair the mischief you have done; and for this purpose it is my advice that you should write to the dying swain.”—

“Fie, Sir Charles!—*I* write to him!—Indeed, Sir, I cannot, must not write.

write. — Heavens ! what would the world think of such a step ?” —

“ Oh ! never think of the world : — think of this, however, that poor Melville is a dead man if he receives not, with all despatch, a letter from his Julia. — In a word, Madam, either resolve to comfort my friend Jack, in the manner I direct, or resolve, from this moment, to accept the addresses of your humble servant.” —

And already was he upon his knees before her.

“ A singular alternative this, Sir Charles ; but I will not hesitate about the choice I should make.” —

“ Yet,” thought Julia, “ to *write* to a man, when my Aunt will not allow me to *speak* to one, is to make no good use of her instructions. — If, however, the disorder of Mr. Melville has proceeded from his unjust doubts about  
me ;

me ;—if by a letter those doubts might be removed ;—and if, from the denial of so harmless a request, his malady should encrease—my conscience would accuse me!—never more should I be happy !—I begin to think, indeed, that the notions of my Aunt are rather too rigid.”—

Frankley was at no loss to divine the sentiments of Julia.

“ Come, Madam, every minute is precious---every minute may diminish my zeal for Melville, and will certainly encrease his danger.”——

“ Dear Sir, what would you have me write ?”---

“ Whatever the heart shall dictate.”---

“ Alas! my heart, Sir Charles, has never yet expressed itself in favour of any man.---Beside, I know not how to begin.”---

“ Well,



“ But you *ought* to know, Miss,— write, then, what *I* shall dictate.”---

Julia accordingly, with a trembling hand, took up the pen; and thus did Frankley begin his task :

“ *Your absence disturbed me, yet I knew not the cause of it :---I know it now, and am more uneasy than ever.*”

“ Is not this rather too strong ?” interrupted Julia, though not till she had written the last word.

“ By no means :—the veriest prude would not soften such an expression as this.—Come, Madam, let us proceed :”—

*I am told, that, from my supposed unkindness to you, you are unhappy ; but be assured, that in thinking so, you wrong me, while you deceive yourself.*

“ Indeed, Sir Charles, these are strange expressions, from a woman.”—

“ Strange !

“Strange!—Why from a woman there are none more common.—One other sentence, and we have done:—”

*“Cease to torment yourself with vain suspicions; and live, if not for your own sake, for the sake of your affectionate JULIA.”*

“Affectionate Julia!—These words shall not pass.—How can you require such a confession from me?”——

“Do as you think proper, but take the consequence.—Behold me, then, once more, at your feet, a suppliant either for Melville or for myself, as you, Madam, shall be pleased to determine.”——

Perplexed as she was, Julia could no longer preserve the economy of her features.—Beside, every instant she expected her Aunt from an adjoining apartment, where she had been engaged, all the morning, with her lawyers about a suit in Chancery; on the issue of which depended

depended a considerable part of her fortune.---Frankley still insisted, that the words should stand which he had dictated; but at length, with the omission of *your affectionate*, the dispute was terminated, and the letter entrusted to his care.

Sir Charles lost no time in executing his commission.

“Here!” cried he, with an air of conscious triumph, as he approached the bed of his disconsolate Friend—“here, my boy, is a recipe for your disorder, more effectual than even the prescription of a Fordyce, a Jebb, or a Buchan!--- Here is a letter to you from Julia!”---

“From Julia!” echoed Melville, eagerly snatching from him the paper, and, as it were, devouring the contents of it.

Presently, however, his extasy began to dwindle.

Ah!



“ Ah! Frankley,” cried he, sinking back upon a pillow, which he seemed still determined to make to himself a *pillow of thorns*.

And before he uttered another word, on every line he made a sullen, but silent, comment.

“ Ah! Frankley,” cried he again—  
“ there is more of pity, or of cold politeness, I fear, than of heart-felt tenderness, in this letter,—She has not yet said, that she loves me.---Alas! Julia, it was all I ever asked, and still, still do’st thou deny it me!”---

“ What signifies it whether she says it, or says it not?---Is it not plain, that she *does* love you!---Jack, I am really ashamed of you.”---

Thanks, however, to a good constitution---thanks to the gay admonitions, too, of Sir Charles---our Hero, within a few days, was again in a condition  
to

to wait upon Miss Howard.—On being ushered in, he accosted her with an air of dejection, blended with indifference—an air, which, reviving the doubts of Julia about his infidelity, pierced her to the soul.

It might reasonably be supposed, that the least Melville could now do was, to express to the young lady his acknowledgments for her letter.—Melville, however, was unwilling to bestow acknowledgments, where he thought that acknowledgments were not due; and as for Julia—tormented with the idea that she had over-stepped the boundary of decorum in writing to him at all—she assumed, in her turn, a look of frigid *nonchalance*, which, giving the lie to her heart, gave also the lie to every word she had penned.

“Oh, Heavens!” whispered to himself the ever-restless Melville—“is it,

then, even so!---It is---My conjecture is just---The letter means nothing---Nothing!---Alas! means it not too much?---Yes;---assuredly must it have been *extorted* from Julia by Sir Charles; nay, perhaps is it the result of a plot basely concerted between them to impose upon my credulity."---

At this crisis, to answer for himself, appears Sir Charles in person.

"Hey-day!" exclaimed he to the love-embarrassed pair—"what, still in the dumps?—still dissatisfied with each other?—still in want of my services?"—

"Less of your officiousness, Sir Charles."---

"More of your *spirit*, Mr. Melville. —My labour, I promise you, shall not go for nothing."—

"What do you mean, Sir?"—

"Mean!—Why, that if Miss Howard and you come not to an immediate



diate *eclaircissement*, I shall think myself in honour obliged to take her off your hands."—

Julia could not help smiling.—Melville saw the smile—saw it, and could have wished never to see more.

"A mighty laconic declaration this!"—

"It is only a repetition, Sir, of what I have already told the lady in private."—

"This is too much!" rejoined Melville.

More would he have said, had he not been compelled to stifle his fury by the entrance of Miss Fairfax from her Toilet;—her Toilet, which, for many years past, had been to her a Sanctum-Sanctorum---a Repository of Mysteries impervious to every eye but her own.

Sir Charles, who was never tired of bantering, never tired of serving,

his friend, imagined that he should do him a pleasure by proposing a party, that evening, to the play.--- Julia bowed consent; and as for her Aunt, the will of the bewitching Sir Charles was still a law to her.---How great was their astonishment, however, when they heard Mr. Melville excuse himself, under the pretext of a prior engagement!---

Already full of doubts, which he conceived to amount to a certainty, that his mistress was a stranger to love, he now determined, whimsically enough, to try if she was susceptible of jealousy; and on his adding, that it was with the Countess of Hayman, one of their intimate friends, he was to have the happiness of passing the remainder of the day, Miss Fairfax reddened with envy.--- Julia---

Ha-- the hapless Julia!--fighed with grief.

The Countess, though a widow, was yet in the full bloom of youth, and ambitious was she to please, as formed to give pleasure.--Hardly was there a youth, within the circle of fashionable Folly, who seemed not to think it an honour that he was one of the slaves whom she deigned to cherish with her smiles.

Charmed with his stratagem, Melville, alleging that he had business of moment to transact, before the hour of his appointment with the Countess, made a formal obeisance to the company, and retired.

"Mighty odd, this!" thought Sir Charles.----"Gad! the young fellow begins already to form:--yes, yes, he begins already to conceive what is the *true* method of making love.--For both



their fakes, poor things, I am heartily glad to find it!"—

Such were the sentiments of Sir Charles; but, alas! the woe-fraught countenance, the heaving bosom, of Julia expressed a different language.—These seemed to say, "Ah! Melville, Melville, how can you use me thus?"

The curtain was not yet drawn up, when Sir Charles and the two Ladies arrived at the Theatre.---In dress, as in figure, Miss Fairfax and her Niece exhibited a finished contrast; and hardly was there a coxcomb of the one sex, who was not looking at Julia with the leer of Impudence--hardly a coquet of the other, who was not tittering at her with the sneer of Envy---when Melville and the Countess presented themselves in the opposite Box.

With a studied, yet dear-bought, air of indifference did Jack bow to the  
Misses

Misses Fairfax and Howard; nor was their return to the compliment less free from embarrassment.

But for Sir Charles, Julia could not have sustained the conflict—could not have assumed—what at length, with the help of his lively prattle, she did assume—an air of gaiety, foreign to her heart.

As the countenance of Julia brightened, that of Melville lowered; and the conversation of the Countess, from being insipid, became irksome to him.

“Perfidious scoundrel!” thought he, as with rage he eyed the seemingly-pleased attention of Julia to the fopperies of Sir Charles.—“Sdeath! already does he throw aside all restraint, even in my presence!—already does he *proclaim* himself my rival!—as my rival, then, will I treat him!”—

Zara was the play; in the course of which the jealous alarms of Osman afforded

forded a fund of ironical pleasantry to the Countess---of tearful reflection to Miss Howard.---In the distresses of the captive heroine of the piece, ever and anon did she seem to behold a picture of her own distresses.---Still more descriptive of her situation appeared to her the Entertainment; which happened to be that elegant trifle, Daphne and Amintor.---“The enchantress Mindora,” thought Julia, “will not suffer Daphne to see a Man;---my Aunt, though she be *no* enchantress, will not suffer Me to listen to one.---The reasons of Mindora cannot, surely be bad, and those of my Aunt---yes, those of my Aunt, I am convinced, *must* be good”---

Ah! poor Julia---what eye would not look graceful, were it now bedimmed with pity for Thee, as thine, wretched girl, was with love for the self-tormenting Melville!-----

Sir



Sir Charles escorted the ladies under his charge home. Melville, however, was doomed to remain, for the evening, the *Cecisbeo* of the Countess; with whom, to complete his distraction, he found himself obliged to stay supper.—As usual, the visitors of the Lady were gay as they were numerous; and our Hero, unable to partake of their mirth, because unable to sustain their raillery, made an early retreat.

He went to bed, but went not to repose; and in the morning, after much hesitation, he determined to pay his respects, *once more*, to the *faithless* Julia.—Beyond *description* faithless did he think her *now*; for ah! she welcomed him with a reception as if nothing had happened—a reception, which spoke her incapable of Jealousy, and superiour to Resentment.—The pride of insulted Beauty at length triumphed

umphed in the bosom of Julia; and, through that pride, effectually was she enabled to punish her wayward Lover with all the airs of a heart-chilling indifference.---Melville, however, imputed every thing to the passion he presumed her to have conceived for Sir Charles: and, unwilling to betray before her an anguish, which it was not in his power for a moment to conceal from her, he departed abruptly; leaving Julia, from that very circumstance, more than ever persuaded of his inconstancy.

In the view of dissipating his sorrows, he proceeded to the Countess of Hayman's; and there he found his imaginary rival in close conversation with Colonel Tomkyns, an intimate friend of both parties.

As he entered the room, "Upon my honour," cried the Colonel, "this  
Miss

Miss Howard is a charming girl.—What can the affected fool, her Aunt, mean by shewing herself in every public place with her?—Oh! Mr. Melville, your most obedient!—We are talking about a young lady of your acquaintance:—You, I thought, was the favourite; but our Friend here, I find, is at last the *happy* Man.”—

It would have been an inconsistency in the character of Sir Charles to have declined this compliment. He nodded, but spoke not.—This was enough for Melville, who now thought it high time that matters were brought to an issue; and accordingly, the Countess being absent, and the Colonel engaged in delivering a message to a servant, he whispered to Frankley, that he should be glad, he would follow him into Hyde-Park.

“Sir,



“Sir, in less than five minutes you may expect me there,” replied Sir Charles, still ignorant of his design.

And in less than five minutes they met.

“Well,” cried Sir Charles, with his usual vivacity, “how goes on your new affair?—’Gad, Melville, I congratulate you upon your choice:—you will make more progress with the Countess of Hayman in two months, than with Julia Howard in two years.”

“In one point, Sir Charles, I have made more progress than you, perhaps, are aware:—I have already learned, Sir, to distinguish a true friend from a false one!”

“What!” returned the other, rather piqued at the tone with which this sarcasm was uttered—“is this the fruit

fruit of your new intimacy with the Countess?"——

"No more of the Countess, Sir!--- Let us talk of your behaviour---a behaviour, with which I have been repeatedly offended, and for which I now, once for all, mean to obtain satisfaction."——

"One word more in this style, Melville, and I shall no longer think myself at liberty to undeceive you."——

"Undeceive me! it were in vain to attempt it.—Sir, I *know* your perfidy."——

"Then let us retire to a spot of more privacy."——

The gaiety of Sir Charles never forsook him.—He went to fight his friend, as if he had been going to visit some fine woman, his idol for the day.

"It would seem," said he, "that the age of chivalry was restored, when

young fellows, from a want of better amusement, used perpetually to go a-tilting it, in honour of their damsels.—An arm, indeed, in a scarf—like a suit of red clothes upon a monkey—had always peculiar charms in the eyes of the ladies.”—

Having chosen their ground, in an instant forth came both their rapiers, unsheathed; and already had each of the combatants received a wound, when Colonel Tomkyns appeared between them.

“For heaven’s sake, Gentlemen, what is the matter?”—

“Faith I know not, Colonel—ask Mr. Melville:—He, perhaps, can tell you.”—

Melville, however, who thought Sir Charles knew too well what the matter was, chose still to be silent.—A Surgeon was immediately procured; and the wounds



wounds of the two heroes being dressed, they were respectively conveyed home.—Thither Colonel Tomkyns accompanied Mr. Melville, whom he considered as the aggressor in the affair; and after having repeatedly, but to no purpose, questioned him as to the rise of it, he concluded, that as they were *certainly* rivals in love, so, *certainly also*, the Countess of Hayman, not Miss Howard, was the object of their competition.

It was her Ladyship, indeed, who first suspected the motive for their abrupt departure from her house.—Having, in an adjoining apartment, overheard the whispered appointment of Melville and Frankley, full of womanish alarm, she immediately despatched after them their friend, the Colonel.—Hence his sudden appearance upon the scene of action; — a circumstance,

M 2

which,

which, without an explanation of the means by which it had been occasioned, would to the discerning reader appear as unnatural, as to the combatants themselves it appeared unaccountable.

The Countess, though a Coquette both by Nature and by Habit, was yet deeply enamoured of Sir Charles.—Superiour, however, to the childish vanity of her giddy sisterhood, who seem to consider the death of a Lover as the most substantial sacrifice that Infatuation can offer up to their charms, she sat upon the rack of Impatience till the return of the Colonel.

On being apprised by him of the issue of the *rencontre*, struck with the recollection that the challenge had proceeded from Mr. Melville, she no longer *could*, or rather no longer *would*, entertain a doubt but that Miss Howard was the contested favourite.—Her  
grand

grand fear was, that in her suspicion of Frankley's passion for Julia there was too much truth; and yet, from a certain spirit of intrigue—a spirit not uncommon, *it is said*, in the female world—she contrived secretly to send intelligence to Miss Fairfax of the duel, with a hint, plausible as it was fallacious, that she was herself the *unhappy* cause of it.

The jealousy of a woman, who has advanced into the wane of her beauty, is easily roused.—Long had Miss Fairfax seen the folly of bestowing a thought on Melville; and now, to deprive her of Frankley also, was to deprive her of—*shadow as it was*—her All.—Not even from the unpenetrating eyes of her Niece could she conceal her despair—her Niece, in whom she had, however, reposed a considerable degree of confidence, from the



moment in which she thought her neglected by Melville.

Julia possessed a happy talent for painting.—It was her favourite amusement ; and, one day, Miss Fairfax, in a fit of unreserved fondness, requested of her a miniature-likeness of Sir Charles, pencilled from memory.

Ever happy to oblige an Aunt whom she could not help loving, and by whom---corroded as her temper had long been with the cruel stings of Disappointment---she was, in truth, cordially beloved in return, Julia promised an immediate compliance with her wish. ---“ Ah ! Melville,” thought she---“ shall I paint Thee also ?---I will, perfidious as thou art !”——

In the mean while, what through sorrow, that he had, perhaps, quarrelled with Frankley unjustly, what through apprehension, that his resentment was grounded

grounded on certainty, Melville was seized with a fever, which not a little retarded the cure of his wound.---Sir Charles, on the contrary, was again well, and abroad, in less than eight days.---Setting aside all animosity, or rather incapable of harbouring any, his soul melted, when he heard of the situation of his antagonist; and, right or wrong, he determined to reconcile him, once more, if possible, with his Julia.

“What fools!” thought he.----  
“They are actually like two children, who now fondle with, now pout at, each other.---From *my* experience, however, they *shall* learn wisdom:---yes, I will *oblige* them to come to a right understanding.”---

Full of this project, he waited upon Miss Fairfax.

“What,

“What, Sir Charles!” cried she, the moment he appeared --- “abroad already?---Is the lady, who could induce you to brave the perils of a duel, so negligent about your recovery?---Some people, I find, are strangely ignorant of the value of things!”---

“Upon my honour, Madam, I know not what you mean. --I have, indeed, had an affair with Mr. Melville, but can tell you nothing farther about it.”---

“A pretty story truly!--No, no, Sir!--People, in these days, risque not their lives without knowing why, or for what!”---

Julia happened to be from home; and Sir Charles, unwilling to explain himself but to *her*, presently took his leave.

The next day, he renewed his visit; and favourable did it prove to his wish.

—On



—On being told, that Miss Howard was alone in the Library, he advanced thither with his wonted familiarity.—The door was open; and Julia—too seriously engaged to observe him—was seated in tearful silence, tracing with her pencil the well-known features of her faithless Melville.

Sir Charles, with joy, saw that it was his friend's picture—saw that it was for him she cried.—“Those tears!” thought he—“ah! Julia, soon, soon, shall they cease to stain those lovely cheeks.”—

And away he tripped, as he had come, softly, and without being perceived.

“Here,” said he to himself, as he went along—“here is a new specific for poor Melville!—All that remains now is, to contrive the means of communicating it to him—My presence, alas! would only heighten his disorder.

Presently

Presently, turning his eyes to one side, he espied Colonel Tomkyns.

“Colonel, your most obedient.”—

“Yours, Sir Charles:—I am thus far on my way to your house with a message from the distracted Melville.—He longs with ardour to embrace you.”—

“Indeed!—Rejoiced am I to hear it; for I am mistaken if one visit from Me will not do him more service than fifty potions.—Oh! Colonel, I have *such* news for him!—Come, let us lose no time!”—

On the approach of Sir Charles, Melville eagerly stretched out his arm.

“Dear Frankley,” cried he—“I am *told*, that all my suspicions were false—nay, I am now *convinced*, that they were!—Forget what is past, then, and be again my Friend.”—

“Again

“*Again* your Friend!--Melville, I have not yet ceased to love you; and this very morning I have made a discovery for you, which”——

A discovery!” hastily interrupted Melville---“ah! my Friend, when---where---how?”——

“Why, just now---in the closet of Julia---by stealth.——To atone for the absence of her Melville, the sweet Innocent employs herself in drawing his picture.”---

“Dear Sir Charles!”——

And up he sprang from his pillow, as if he could have pressed him to his heart.

“Dear Sir Charles!” cried he a second time, checking his emotion---  
“do not—I pray you do not *renew* your banters!—My picture can be of no consequence in the eyes of Julia!”——

Then



“Then must I have lost my senses!— But, however, soon as you have recovered, you shall pay your respects to Miss Howard, and be *yourself* a witness that it is.---No longer will you have to dread the frowns of her Aunt!---*She*, good soul! is now, every morning, from home, employed about---what ought, indeed, to command her chief attention---the *law-suit*, of which you have heard so much.”—

Reinvigorated by Hope, many days had not elapsed, when Melville declared—though his medical attendants would *not* declare—that he was well enough to go abroad; and strange did it appear to them, that *he* should pretend to know what *they*, even at COLLEGE, had been *taught* to know *better*!—

His first visit was, of course, to the still-adored Julia.—Sir Charles accompanied him; but neither was Miss Howard

ard

ard nor her Aunt at home.—The former had just gone into the Park with the Lady Dowager Belmont, one of her distant relations, just arrived from the country; and the latter, as had been predicted, was abroad, bewildering herself in the knotty mazes of the law.

Melville could not be easy till he had prevailed upon Frankley to go in search of Julia, and to *prepare* her for his visit.—Anxious to have a peep at his *picture*, he then stepped into the Library; but ah! what were his sensations—say, ye Furies, for ye alone *can* say!—what were his sensations, when he there beheld, instead of his own miniature, the miniature of Sir Charles, yet wet from the pencil of Julia?——

“Heaven and Earth!” cried he—“am I, then, destined to be the unceasing sport of a perfidious villain—of an ungrateful woman!”——

And away he flang, vowing, at every step, vengeance upon Frankley—vengeance upon Julia—vengeance upon his wretched Self.

Not long after returned Sir Charles, with the Ladies, from the Park.—Without once stopping, Julia sprang to the Library.

“No bad omen this for poor Jack!” thought Frankley, charmed with the eagerness she expressed.

With all his penetration, however, of this eagerness Sir Charles guessed not the real cause; and conjurer must he have been indeed, had he *known*—what we, however, can be at no loss to *suppose*—that the desire of beholding her Lover was less predominant in the bosom of Julia than that of being satisfied whether or not He had beheld a certain *picture* exposed upon her table.



The picture itself she finds, nearly in the position in which she had left it; but, alas! where is Melville?—Nor in the Library nor in the House is *he* to be found.—At length she rings the bell; and by her maid she is informed, that Mr. Melville—with rage and disappointment in his looks—with oaths and imprecations upon his lips—had disappeared half an hour before.

“Wretch that I am!” cried Julia, sinking back upon a sofa—“he has seen the fatal portrait—seen it, and is, doubtless, more than ever convinced of my falsehood!—Ah me! impossible will it be to undeceive him *now*!”—

And thus she remained, for some time, in sobful anguish.

During this interval, Lady Belmont was employed in entertaining Sir Charles with a detail of all the news she had brought from the Country;—a detail, insipid enough to one who thought it impossible

to breathe — or, at least, *more* than breathe — unenveloped with the smoke of his *dear, enchanting* London — “But no matter,” thought Frankley — “while to our Lovers the minutes appear short, to me they shall not appear long.” —

Presently were heard the footsteps of Julia. — If Sir Charles had been struck with the vivacity of her departure, not less so was he now with the dejection of her return; and the old Lady having, to the joy of both, taken her leave.

“Well, Julia,” said he to her, “have I not brought back Melville to you, my dear, cured of his follies? — Aukward simpleton, he had not the courage to face you till I had paved the way for his reception! — But, come, what did he say? —

“Who? — Mr. Melville? — Alas! Sir Charles, I have not so much as seen him.” —

“Not

"Not seen him, and have yet suffered me to yawn all this time in the company of your superannuated lady dowager!"—

"No—gone was he before we returned;—his visit I cannot but consider as a *fresh* affront to me."—

"What," thought Sir Charles, "can be at the bottom of this?"—

Julia could well have told him; but on no account dared she to reveal the secrets of her Aunt.

"The mystery, Madam, *shall* be cleared up, and that immediately," cried Frankley, starting up.

"Hold, Sir Charles!—for heaven's sake, hold!—I fear lest, from some new misunderstanding, Mr. Melville and you should be again embroiled."—

But to talk to Sir Charles, was to talk to the walls.—On his arrival at Melville's, he found the Lover stalking across his apartment with hasty strides.

"Upon



“Upon my honour, Jack, you are one of the most unaccountable fellows in England.—I protest, you render ridiculous every person who is weak enough to be connected with you.”—

“What, Sir!” returned Melville, darting at him an eye which spoke daggers—“mean you to repeat—*dare* you to repeat—your insults even under my roof?”—

And he renewed his strides.

“Let me intreat of you, Mr. Melville, to sit down.—Do be composed!—I see that some fresh mistake has happened.”—

“Mistake! No, no, there *can* be no mistake now.—All my doubts are satisfied.—Yes, yes, I am an *excellent* subject to form the diversion of you, and of your Julia!”—

“Hear me, Melville!—We know each other well.—Tell me, then, what reason

reason can you have to suspect *me* of such meanness ; or rather tell me, first, what could induce you to disappear, after I had so cordially prepared Julia for your visit, that, borne away by Impatience, the lovely Innocent actually *flew* to receive you.”—

“ Alas ! she flew not to receive Me : —she flew, Sir, to conceal the testimony of her falsehood—to conceal thy *picture*, Sir Charles !”—

“ *My picture !*”—

Yes, thine—I saw it, examined it : —unfinished was it left upon her table not an hour ago.”——

“ ’Gad ! this is a singular adventure.—Are you *sure* that it was my picture ?”—

“ Ah ! too sure. — Yes, it is Sir Charles Frankley she prefers ! — Sir Charles Frankley she loves !—

“ ’Faith,” replied the arch tormenter of Melville, after a short pause—“ it  
is

is very possible that this *may* be the case:—I see nothing miraculous in it.—

It is not the first time that I have gained the heart of a fine girl, without the smallest suspicion of my happiness.—

—Poor Julia!—Seriously now, Jack, would it not be cruel to disappoint the poor thing?”—

“Do, Sir, as you think proper; but reflect, that this Julia, whom *you* affect to *pity*, is dearer to *me* than life; nor shall you tear from me the one, without tearing from me the other also”—

“Fie, Melville! you really do not polish at all.—I would rather kill any other man on earth than you.—But how would you have me act?—You know Julia—ah! who would not *wish* to know her?—Is it in nature, then, think you, Jack, to treat her with rigour?”—

“Perfidious



“ Perfidious Julia ! — Couldst thou doubt, a single instant, that I did not adore thee ! ” ---

“ Well — there is no help for it, Melville --- at some other altar must you offer your homage now. ” ---

“ No, Sir, I insist upon it, that she shall instantly explain herself --- instantly, with her own lips, pronounce before us both the object of her choice. --- Then will I, at least, have the pleasure of beholding her confusion — of beholding her overwhelmed with my reproaches ! ” ---

“ By Heavens, no such pleasure you must, or shall enjoy. --- Consider, Jack, the absurdity of what you propose. --- Love, my boy, is now refined into a mere tacit agreement. --- Without dropping a word about the matter, people every day form attachments, they know not how, and break them, they know not

not why.---In such cases, every question is childish---every confession, superfluous---every reproach, mean, as it is unmannerly.”—

But these arguments, and fifty others *like* these, weighed not a feather with Melville; and at length was Frankley obliged to accompany him, once more, to Miss Howard’s.

On their entrance, the colour forsook the cheeks of Julia.

“Come, Madam,” cried Sir Charles---“be not alarmed---Our forlorn friend here longs to know his destiny---He will have it, that your heart has declared itself in favour of me---will have it, that a certain portrait in your possession was not intended for a likeness of *him*, but of *your humble servant*—This is a strange visit, I confess; but to the caprice of Mr. Melville you are indebted for it.”—

Julia

Julia spoke not; and visibly did her confusion encrease.

“ ‘Sdeath !” exclaimed Melville—  
“ there need not words to announce my doom:—the silence, the downcast eyes, of the Lady express *too much*!—But know, cruel Julia, that long will not the favoured Frankley have enjoyed *your smiles*, ere, by Death, I shall be kindly relieved from the torture of witnessing *his triumph* !”---

Still was Julia silent.

“ ‘Faith, Jack, I begin, in sober sadness, to pity you; and were it not that I scorn to be ungrateful to the loveliest of girls, I really might carry the heroism of friendship to its height.—But look at Julia—nay, *do* look at her! Jack! and *then* blame me if you can.”—

Miss Howard could contain herself no longer.

“ And



“And pray, Mr. Melville, how long is it since *you* have been so deeply interested in the sentiments that actuate my heart?—There *was* a time, when such trifles as these appeared to be beneath your regard!—The Countess of Hayman, Sir”—

“Alas, Madam!” interrupted Melville, “too sensible am I that I have deservedly incurred your *contempt*; but ah! that I should have lived to incur also your *hatred*!—Believe me, however, while I *seemed* to shun, I adored you—while I *seemed* to neglect your charms, and to prize those of a *pretended* rival in my affections, to that rival I never talked but of you.—Yes, blind to the beauties of the Countess of Hayman, hardly could I open to her my lips but to dwell upon those of my Julia!”—

“Oh,

“Oh, Heavens!” exclaimed Miss Howard—“to what a pass am I reduced!”—

“Regard it not,” said Sir Charles.—  
“Obey—as I do on all occasions—the dictates of an *honest* heart.”—

“Alas! no longer are to be resisted those of a *faithful* one,” sighed forth the love-bewildered Julia.

And, with a trembling hand, she produced from her pocket the picture of her Lover.

“Adorable creature!” cried Melville, when to his ravished eyes appeared his own likeness.

“Adorable creature!” again exclaimed he, throwing himself upon his knees.—“What do I not owe to thee!”—  
“What do I not deserve for my base suspicions!”—

Here, however, intervened a pause.

“But—but, Julia!”—

The happiness of Melville had already begun to vanish.—The *mystery*, he thought, was not yet *fully* unravelled; and though he longed to hint to her the revival of his doubts, yet could he not tell *how* to hint it.

“*But, Julia---forgive me---is there not another picture?*”—

Julia again changed colour, and trembled, while Melville again also gave a loose to his jealousy—Sir Charles to his astonishment.

Thus were they situated, when Miss Fairfax entered the room, fraught with the news of the happy issue of her process.

“*Hey day! what is the meaning of all this?*” cried she, lost in astonishment at the perplexity visible on the countenance of each.

“*You, Madam, can, perhaps, best explain it,*” replied Sir Charles.—“*In*

II. 10 The



the possession of Miss Howard there is a certain picture"—

"*Picture!*" interrupted Miss Fairfax,—"what picture?"—

"Here it is, Madam," said Julia, unable longer to behold the distress of her Lover:—"here it is, finished agreeably to your request.—To You alone it belongs to dispose of it."—

And without farther hesitation, she put into her hand the portrait of Frankley.

"Well, Sir Charles," resumed Miss Fairfax, rather piqued at the discovery, but willing to put the best face upon the matter—"people seldom wish to possess the likeness of an object which is indifferent to them.—The picture shall be mine; and, in return for it, at your service are my hand, and my fortune—a fortune, which has to-day received an increase of THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS."—

“Madam, your most obedient.—In the first place, however, allow me to complete the happiness of my friends—allow me, in a word, to say I have obtained your consent, that this faithful pair may be united, and that *they* may partake of the fruits of this happy day.

Miss Fairfax—too much elated to refuse any request which could come from her dear Sir Charles—bowed, and smiled.

The Lovers were in an extasy.

“Dear Sir Charles!”—“Dear Aunt!”—cried they in a breath.

“Now,” said Frankley, “every mystery, I think, is cleared up but that of—of my marriage.

“*Your marriage!*” echoed Melville and Julia, with amazement.--“*Your marriage!*” echoed Miss Fairfax, with a confusion which surpassed her amazement.

“Yes,

Yes, my marriage with the Countess of Hayman.—Why we are old in wedlock now.—We have been married—let me see—ay, almost a week!—Her Ladyship is now at home, and will be happy to receive this good company to dinner.”——

Melville and Julia with pleasure embraced the invitation; but Miss Fairfax, under the pretext of a sudden head-ache, begged to be excused.

She neglected not, however, her promise to Sir Charles.—On the day which gave to Melville the possession of his Julia, she presented the bride with ten thousand pounds; a sum, which, indeed, they wanted not, but which induced the world to throw a veil over her foibles, while they pitied the misfortune which of those foibles had been the source.

Soon after, she retired to a village, at a considerable distance from London—

a village,



a village, long since famous for METHODISM, and famous for SCANDAL.—There she lived, contented as an antiquated maiden, like her, *could* live, till about six months ago\*, when, in consequence of a capital failure in the city, that threatened a material injury to her fortune, her heart broke; and, yielding up her breath to Him who gave it, she yielded up also the enjoyment of a world, which she had literally found to be---what she ever delighted to term it---“a world of Vanity, and of Disappointment.”

As for Sir Charles and his Lady, happy are they still as an endless round of Diffipation can make them.--- The

\* This piece was written at the close of the year 1772; and soon after it found its way into a monthly publication, though in a state widely different from that in which it is now presented.

joys

joys of Mr. and Mrs. Melville, on the contrary, strictly domestic, are centered in each other, and in a lovely boy and girl, the living images of a father, and a mother, who declare that though *they* had often *heard* of Felicity before they were married, yet, *till married*, Felicity they had never *known*.



THE  
DOUBLE DISGUISE;  
A  
DRAMMA,  
In TWO ACTS.

---

CHARACTERS.

Sir George Mandeville,  
Colonel Manly,  
Harry Stanhope,  
Winkit.

Miss Montague,  
Miss Louisa Conway,  
Tabby.

Scene, The Neighbourhood of St.  
James's.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following *bagatelle* was written several years ago, for the purpose of a *domestic* exhibition, then in agitation among some young gentlemen and ladies, fondly attached to an amusement, harmless in itself, and never surely censurable but from its abuse.

This purpose it amply fulfilled in a rude form; and though the piece has since undergone such essential alterations as to diffuse over each scene an air of actual novelty, yet the Authour never entertained an opinion, however he might entertain a wish, that it could be rendered capable of giving *general* pleasure in the representation.

For this reason, having never courted for it the honour of a Manager's acceptance,

ance, he has never subjected himself from it to the mortification of a Manager's refusal. Sufficient, indeed, to obstruct its success, within the walls of a *public* Theatre, is the circumstance alone which gives to the drama its name—the *double disguise*.—A beautiful young woman in breeches *Custom* has familiarised us to admire; but *even* Custom could hardly lead us to behold, but with a degree of disgust, the most delicate boy in petticoats, unless it were, perhaps, in a gay moment, among a few frolicsome friends.

The only *theatrical* attempt of the kind which seems to have been exhibited, in these days, is that of Edgar and Emmeline: yet could not the genius of a Hawkesworth—backed with the exertions of an O'Brien in the character of the *feminised* Edgar—backed, too, with all the attractions which  
could

could flow from the united powers of Incantation, Scenery, and Music—procure to that piece a more than momentary possession of the STAGE.

Edgar and Emmeline, however, will continue to give delight in the CLOSET, when the very names of many other dramas, more *popular*, are totally forgotten.—As for the Double Disguise, the Authour of it sues for no applause but that of his Readers; and happy will he be, if—crowned with *that* applause—it shall, with the other trifles which form these volumes, *go through but one edition.*



---

T H E  
D Q U B L E D I S G U I S E.

---

Whither do their roving fancies wander?  
These are the sick dreams of phantastic Love!  
Rowe.

A C T I.

SCENE, *an Apartment in the House  
of Sir George Mandeville.*

*Enter COLONEL MANLY, followed by  
MISS MONTAGUE in Boy's Clothes.*

*Miss Montague.*

**T**IS indeed true, Sir— there will  
be *no* end to miracles!

*Manly.* Nor to women's follies!  
Could I imagine, on being told, this  
morning, there was a young man from  
abroad, who desired to speak with me,  
that

that it was the amiable Miss Montague?—In the whole catalogue of *possibilities* could I *suppose*, that my friend Harriet, whom I left at Paris not a week ago on her way to Italy, should arrive again in London almost as soon as myself?—Well, on condition, that, under your present habit, I would permit you to accompany me to Sir George Mandeville's, you promised to give an explicit answer to every question I should put to you.—My engagement is fulfilled—now for yours. Then tell me, my mysterious girl, your motive for this disguise—your motive for this precipitate, this unaccountable, return to England.

*Miss Mont.* That I will, Colonel—highly as you will, perhaps, blame my indiscretion—with all the frankness peculiar to my nature. Know, then,  
VOL. II. P      since

since you *will* have the truth, 'twas love—love, alas! of——

*Manly.* Of Sir George Mandeville, I'll be bound for it!

*Miss Mont.* Even so, Sir—yet with a blush I own——

*Manly.* What with astonishment I hear. And is it possible, that, after having so long made the little blind deity, and all his votaries, the objects of her ridicule and contempt, the gay Miss Montague should be herself enthralled in toils whose magic power she defied? be enthralled, too, by such a fellow as Mandeville, whose inconstancy and perfidy, whose——

*Miss Mont.* Hold, dear Colonel! in the name of Friendship, hold!—Your words strike daggers.—Alas! it was from the wish—the fond, the foolish, prideful wish—of *fixing* this miracle of inconstancy and falsehood, and of obtaining



taining his love, without yielding to him my own—thereby to revenge the wrongs done to some of my sex, friends, whom I loved, and whom, as I thought, he had ungenerously deserted—that I levelled My attacks at his heart, while He laid violent siege to mine.—But it is not for an inexperienced girl to trifle with the heart. After long persuading myself, that I only loved in appearance, Nature told me, that I loved in reality ; and to such a pass were matters carried, that we both entered into the most solemn engagements never to wed but with each other. A twelve-month and upward had elapsed since our last separation, when, to my utter confusion, I heard, on my late arrival at Paris, that Sir George Mandeville had already set off from thence for England, in order to marry his new ward, Miss Conway.

*Manly.* His new ward!—a fine guardian truly will Sir George make to a girl of fifteen, just released from the trammels of a boarding-school! But Miss Conway's father, in leaving the care of his only daughter to our volatile friend, acted up to that spirit of inconsistency and whim which governed him in all his other actions.—All this, however, is little to our purpose.—Yours, my dear Miss Montague, as times go, is no uncommon case; nor do I think it so desperate as your fears would insinuate. On all *my* influence, therefore, you may rely, in order to obtain justice from the cruel spoiler of your peace; and, by rendering him sensible of the folly, the meanness, the villany, of his conduct toward your sex, to fix him irrecoverably your own.—But still this disguise, Harriet!—In the eye of *Prudence*, my dear—

*Miss*

*Miss Mont.* I know what you would say. But, alas! Sir, in certain cases, Prudence it becomes an act of necessity—may I not add, of virtue?—to abandon.—Listening with a fond belief to every thing Sir George told me of the sincerity of his passion, I even attempted not to conceal from the world the love I bore for him. If—thought I to myself afterward—he do not justify that love by marrying me, I shall be blamed, insulted, by my family—my reputation will be lost: rather than be thus disgraced, I will find out the traitor; perhaps, I am not altogether effaced from his heart, and he may, once more, throw himself at my feet—if not, again will I set off for France, and there bury my shame, rage, and despair, in a convent.

*Manly.* No, no, my sweet girl, we shall have nothing to do, I hope, with



convents.—Fear nothing. I will without delay sound Mandeville, and, if possible, discover his *real* sentiments.

*Miss Mont.* And I, my generous friend, will, through your indulgence, have an opportunity to see, and become acquainted with, my rival. I have a plan in *petto*, which, unless metamorphosed as you see me, it will be impossible, I fear, to execute.—But hark! we are interrupted.

*Manly.* We are, indeed, and by that withered stump of old-maidish grimace and impertinence, Sir George's gossiping house-keeper.—Sir George displays an admirable taste in the choice of servants—what he may do in that of a wife, Harriet, we are yet to learn.

*Enter TABBY.*

*Manly.* So, Mrs. Tabby!—how do'st do, my old friend?—*Old!* why really  
you

you look younger and younger every day. — I should be glad to see Sir George Mandeville.

*Tabby.* Sir George, Colonel, has not been at home this half-hour.

*Manly.* Do you expect him soon?

*Tabby.* Oh! Sir, the *Damon* of Jealousy that possesses my master don't favour us with much of his absence. Why he goes out, and he comes in—he looks about him, and he frets—he asks questions, and he answers them himself—he growls, and he coaxes—all in a breath.—Speak of the devil, your Honour, and *pop*, you know, we have him at our elbow!—Here he comes, full-drive! [*listens*] No: it's only our great he-cat Tom, poor fellow. There he is in the passage—I sees him. Poor pufs! Tom, Tom, Tom! poor fellow!

*Manly.*

*Manly.* A brilliant description truly !  
But pray, Mrs. Tabby, can any cause be assigned for this prodigious difference in the temper of the once-gal-  
lant Sir George ?

*Tabby.* The *cause* !—There's the very thing, your Honour. Were it for a woman come to the years of prudence and discretion, I could, as a body may say, excuse him ; but alack ! it is for a raw simpleton of a girl under his guardianship, who has little more than entered into her teens. And let me tell you, Colonel Manly—for I am none of your double-dealing goffsips, who says one thing, and means another—who says one thing before one's face, and another thing behind one's back—poor Miss Conway don't care—no not that pinch of snuff for him !

*Manly.* That is a pity, indeed, Tabby ; yet the time *has* been when your Master  
was



was not more generally known than admired by the ladies.—Alas! poor Sir George!

*Tabby.* Ay, and alas! poor Sir George, says I too, Colonel, to myself many is the time and often. To be sure Sir George has his faults—yes, yes, he has his faults, as well as his neighbours,—but then he has always been an excellent master to me! and moreover, Sir——

*Manly.* [*aside*] Oh! confound her moreovers!

*Tabby.* But no offence, I hopes!—Your Honour seems to be impatient!

*Manly.* Somewhat so, I confess, to see your Master, Mrs Tabby. When he comes home, therefore, you'll tell Sir George, that I have stepped for an airing into the Mall, and should be glad he would meet me there.

*Tabby.*

Tabby. Sir, your Honour knows I never forgets a message — Sir, your Honour's most *obs'quious* — [*Makes a number of formal courtesies, as the Colonel goes off; and then throws a tender glance on Miss Montague, who follows him*] Mercy o'me, what a *comely*, *proper* youth the Colonel has got for a valet! — The very *picture*, as I'm a woman, of poor *Billy Whiffle*, who, peace be with his dear soul! broke his heart for the love of me. — Ah! how he used to call me his dear, *cruel*, *hard-hearted* Tabby! My Billy had a sweet tongue! — O! he had the *sweetest* of tongues! And then as for a *leg* and a *foot* — 'lack mine are nothing to them! — I would defy the finest *Duchess* in the land to produce me their *fellars*. — Well, it don't signify, I must have some talk with this spark. — O! he's a dear creature! O! he's a lad of wax! — But my

poor Billy ! I *purtests* I could cry my eyes out when I thinks of my cruelty to poor Billy.

*Enter HARRY STANHOPE, disguised as a Country-Girl.*

*Harry.* [*Aside as he enters*] Now for my appearance in a character I *never* assumed before. My sweet aunt Tabby [*making a mock courtesy to her*] since yesterday that I have been thus *be-capped* and *be-petticoated*, I have found it impossible to meet with you alone ; now, then, will you tell me by what happy contrivance I have so unexpectedly obtained access to my dear Louisa ?

*Tabby.* Oh ! let me alone for contrivance, when I takes a fancy to a handsome young gentleman, and wishes to oblige him—in an honourable way. The by-stander, Master Stanhope, always sees more of the game than he  
who



who plays at it. Not an hour hardly, for a whole week, did I miss you from under the chamber-windows of Miss Conway, your *dear Louisa*, as you call her, and my young mistress that is to be. — *Is to be!* why truly that, partly speaking, is neither here nor there. — Well, as I was a-faying—but take this along with you, there's no wit like woman's wit—I soon guessed what you would be at by dancing attendance so *contagious* to our house. And so I e'en resolved to speak to you. For after all, thinks I, may-hap it may be one thing, may-hap it may be another, which brings the poor unhappy gentleman to us thus with his arms folded, and his eyes up-lifted, every day, ay, and every night too. May-hap also thinks I—but, however, Sir, you put an end to all my doubts and fears, the moment I had the honour

honour of a *conference* with you ; and by your genteel, noble behaviour since—by your——

Harry. Enough, enough, good Mrs. Tabby—I am abundantly sensible of my obligations to you, and, as a farther earnest of my gratitude, beg your acceptance of—[*Presenting a purse to her.*]

Tabby. [*Courtesying, and putting it in her pocket*] Oh ! dear Sir, it was not the *lucre of gain*.—Fie, Mr. Stanhope, do you think as how *I* am capable of taking a bribe—I am capable of being corrupted?—No, no, I'm a true Englishwoman for *that*, and, let me tell you, am neither to be bought nor sold.—Sir, it was the engaging delicacy of your appearance, the—the—in short, Sir, it was the *beauty of your mind*, as the play-book calls it, that gained you my *vote and interest*. What does I do, then?—O Lud ! I can't, for the life of me,

help laughing at the thought on't.—  
Why I tells Sir George—ha! ha! ha!  
--- as how I had got a young niece just  
arrived from the country. He accord-  
ingly makes me an offer of engaging  
her in the service of Miss Conway—I  
gives you notice to come to us disguised  
as a country-girl—and here—ha! ha  
ha!—you now pass for Mrs. Tabby's  
niece under the *respectable* appellation  
of pretty Mrs. Susan.—But, you young  
rogue you, be prudent!

*Harry.* Why should you doubt it?

*Tabby.* Tell me, first, what business  
you had so early this morning in your  
mistress's bed-chamber,—I heard you  
open the door! I saw you steal the  
curtain aside!

*Harry.* Oh! the happiness I then  
enjoyed!

*Tabby.* Eh! how! what!—happiness!—  
you puts me out of breath! Lud, I'm

all



all in a *quandary*!—I hopes you have done nothing *bad*?

*Harry.* Ah no!—To attain the object of my wishes, Tabby, I must deserve it.—Believe me, I only took her pretty little soft hand, as she lay fast asleep, and, after imprinting a tender kiss or two upon it, withdrew.

*Tabby.* Now you gives me spirits again. I vows every limb of me was in a *trepidation*. Were any mishap to befall the little innocent Louisa, I should never go to my grave in quiet—yes, I should certainly break my heart!

*Harry.* But pray has the dear girl, think you, no suspicion of my disguise?

*Tabby.* You a lover and *axe* such a question of me! Hang your *skilli-shalli* lovers, says I. The day will be your own, if, like a man of honour, you embrace a favourable opportunity to let her know *who* you are, and *what* you are.

*Harry.* That, I trust, then, will soon be in my power. From the pleasure she takes in seeing herself dressed, in hearing herself admired, I guess that Louisa's heart, though yet a stranger to love, will not remain long so. I am mistaken too if---

*Tabby.* [interrupting him in a low voice] Hush! I hears our jealous-pate. Be upon the reserve; and, above all, let us have none of your *demme's* and your *sdeatb's*, and your *zounds's*: they don't suit with your present character, and every time I hears them, they makes my poor legs totter, totter, totter. But here he is. [Aloud] Come, my sweet girl, hold your head up, glance your eyes down. Ah! huffey, you begins to ogle them about already.

*Enter SIR GEORGE MANDEVILLE.*

*Sir George.* Well, Mrs. Susan, how go matters with Miss Louisa and you?

My

My young ward begins to take a fancy to you! eh!

*Harry.* Sir, I hope my wish to give Miss Conway satisfaction will atone for my want of ability. So great is my affection for my dear mistress, that I protest, though in the humble station of her waiting-maid, I should be mortified if any person were more about her than myself.

*Sir George.* A good handsome wench, egad, Tabby; ay and sensible withal. I like the girl's spirit. Let me tell you, I had my views when I proposed to take your niece into my house.

*Tabby.* Views! *what views?*

*Harry.* Views! ay, *what views?*—Views on me a helpless girl, your Honour !!

*Sir George.* Let not your modesty be so soon alarmed, Susan. You are, I tell you, a sensible and a likely young woman;



man; as I take it, too, not much older than Louisa. I was in hopes, *you* might obtain her confidence sooner than *another*, and that then---you understand me---something might be said to her in my favour.

*Harry.* [*dropping a prudish courtesy*] Sir, you have regained my good opinion.--- I'm glad you have not put me under the necessity of tearing your Honour's eyes out; for, indeed, begging your Honour's pardon, your Honour's words seemed, at first, to have a very naughty sound.

*Sir George.* [*to Tabby*] Your niece's virtue, Tabby, is rather *troublesome*, I think.

*Tabby.* Ah! Sir, 'tis a family-fault, and so, I hopes, you'll excuse it.

*Sir George.* So! It runs in the blood, does it, eh?

*Harry.*

*Harry.* [*Again courtesying*] Indeed it does, your Honour, and so, I hope, you'll excuse it.

*Sir George.* Well, Susan, on condition, that you incline the heart of dear little Louisa toward wedlock and me, you shall henceforth be with her, not as a servant, but as a friend, a *companion*. I shall be delighted to hear she is never out of your sight.

*Harry.* Ah! let me alone, Sir---I warrant you I shall soon make her sensible of the *value of a husband*.

*Sir George.* How much shall I be obliged to you!

*Tabby.* By my troth, Sir George, you could not put your concerns into better hands.—But, lack-a-daisy! I had almost forgot to tell your Honour as how Colonel Manly waits for you in the Mall.

*Sir George.* My friend Manly! I'm glad on't—I ha'n't seen him since his re-  
turn

turn from France.---But whom have we here?—As I live, my little charmer!—Yes, 'tis Louisa's step, I'm sure.—No matter: come along, Tabby, let us leave the two together.---And hark ye, Susan, remember what I told you ---remember to talk much of me to your *young mistress*.

[*Exeunt Sir George and Tabby.*]

HARRY, *solus*.

Ha! ha! ha! go thy ways poor Sir George!---Often hast Thou made a sport of virgin innocence, and, when assured of having gained a triumph over her heart, left many an artless damsel to bewail thy base inconstancy, and her own fond credulity. Now, my sweet Sir, if Fortune do but smile upon me, 'tis thy turn to be deceived.---But these *petticoats*!---Heaven fairly rid me of them! and if ever I again renounce the *breeches*,



*breeches*, may the contempt of my own sex, and the ridicule of the other, be my portion!--Whence this tremor? this sudden glow upon my cheeks?---Louisa is not here---yes, at length she comes, and smiling comes!---Let me adjust myself.

*Enter Miss CONWAY.*

*Miss Con.* What! Sir George gone, and you here, Susan?---I am glad I have found you. [*Aside.*---There is *something* about this girl that strangely attracts me to her.---Where *can* I have possibly seen her before? My heart, I protest, clings to her as it would to a long-lost school-fellow or play-mate.] Susan, I had a mind to put on my new blossom-coloured sack to-day; but, now I think on't, 'tis needless---we shall see no body. Sir George seldom receives any company.

*Harry.*

*Harry.* True, Ma'am, but do you reckon for nothing the pleasure of pleasing yourself?

*Miss Con.* Ah no! With joy would I partake of *that* pleasure with all the world.

*Harry.* [*aside*] The angelic innocent!

*Miss Con.* Beside, in my present situation, Susan, if I think myself handsome, who is there to tell me, I do not flatter myself?

*Harry.* Why I, charming Miss Conway, who now call Heaven to witness, that there exists not in Nature an object beauteous as thyself.

*Miss Con.* Ah! but, my dear, you are only a girl as I am, and can give me nothing but *words*: and *words*, they tell me, are often deceitful, and not to be trusted to.---I know not how I came to think so, and yet I cannot help fancying, there is a certain somebody, who,  
without

without speaking, who merely with a look, with a certain emotion at the sight of me---I am unhappy, and know not what I would say. Not only does Sir George keep possession of my fortune, but of my person.

*Harry.* Your person, Miss! why it is not ten minutes since I had it in commission from your guardian to solicit your acceptance of his heart and hand in exchange for it.

*Miss Con.* Faugh! the very idea of *guardian* throws me perpetually in the dumps when I see him. Beside, can I with composure receive the addresses of a man who, had he the charms of an angel, is notorious for his base perfidy to my sex, and, at the same time, almost double my age?---No, Susan; the man who is destined to captivate *my heart* shall not be of the character of Sir George Mandeville:---he shall



shall be young and blooming as thou art, my girl; and though a man of sense himself, yet not ashamed to prattle with me.

*Harry.* To cut the matter short, Miss Conway, would not I---a few trifles excepted---make a more agreeable husband than Sir George?

*Miss Con.* Why truly, Susan, you are not old, and---and you are far from unhandsome.

*Harry.* [*Throwing himself upon his knees*] Ah! my adorable Louisa, behold at thy feet the most tender, the most---

*Miss Con.* How? -- Where am I? -- Girl, thou'rt mad!---

*Harry.* Not mad, Ma'am, only, perhaps, a little whimsical or so---I'm taken so sometimes. And, after all, while it lasts, is not an agreeable delusion infinitely preferable to an unwelcome reality?

lity?—Then do but fancy me your lover.

*Miss Con.* Indeed, Mrs. Susan, my fancy is not quite so lively.

*Harry.* But indeed, Miss Conway, it will be an agreeable amusement to your heart till something more engaging shall present itself.—Behold with what eagerness, what rapture, I again prostrate myself before you.—What thinks my Louisa, while thus I press her reluctant hand in mine, of *this look?*—of *these sighs?*—of——

*Miss Con.* [*Patting him upon the cheek*] Ah! huffy, often has that character been rehearsed before thee, else wouldst thou not be so perfect in it.

*Harry.* Many weeks have not elapsed, charming Louisa, since first I *saw*, and, in seeing, *loved* you—but loved without hope. Informed, that the jealous Sir George admitted none but women to

approach you, I at length obtained that happiness, through the address of Mrs. Tabby, under my present garb of a rustic girl. In proportion to the temerity of my enterprise, ought you to be convinced of the violence of my passion.

What I *have done* in the hope of pleasing you, is a proof of what I *would do*, should my boldness give you offence. With my *dying breath* would I atone for it.—But ah! could Miss Conway behold unmoved the punishment of a wretch who knew not a crime but his unbounded tenderness for her?

*Miss Con.* Have done, foolish girl—I am to blame in suffering your importunence so long. Yet while you disgust—with a blush I own it—you soften, you please me.—How would it be in presence of a *real* lover, when an imperfect resemblance, a—

*Harry.*



*Harry.* Not so *imperfect*, perhaps, Miss, as you may imagine. But, in a word, would you love me if I were a Man?

*Miss Con.* No more of this romantic nonsense, Susan, I pr'ythee—I shall certainly—[*Aside.*] Fain would I scold the creature for her impertinence, but cannot.—Amazing infatuation!

*Harry.* I *will* have an answer. Say, then, my soul's only joy.—say, my adorable, my adored, Miss Conway, were I a *man* would you love me?

*Miss Con.* Well, I would.

*Harry.* And have me for a *husband*?

*Miss Con.* Doubtless I would.—Now, girl, are you satisfied?

*Harry.* Doubtless I would! — These are your words, Miss Louisa — don't you forget them. This instant—for I am a true *Idolater* in such matters—will  
I repair

I repair to the image of Love in Sir George's Library; and sure I am not many prayers will be requisite to effect the metamorphosis.

*Miss Con. [Aside, as she goes off]* What an unaccountable girl it is!—I know not what to make of her. But this I know, that the more I see, the more I think, of every thing around me, the more I am perplexed, the more I am unhappy.

**HARRY [Solus]**

So! the fruit of love begins to ripen, and the harvest of enjoyment will be all my own!—Hey-day! what brings Manly's spruce valet here?

*Enter MISS MONTAGUE.*

*Miss Mont. [Aside, not perceiving Harry who retires]* Often has the faithless Mandeville thrown his eyes upon me, yet does

does he not recollect the features of that Harriet whom he once so dearly loved. --- Ah me! ---

*Harry.* [*aside*] How the young dog sighs!—How he is absorbed, too, in thought!—

*Miss Mont.* [*aside*] But here's my rival's waiting-maid. As I pass for Manly's valet, I'll try to ingratiate myself with her:—the wench may, perhaps, be useful to me.

*Harry.* [*aside*] Egad, I'm in a gay humour, and will indulge it at the young fellow's expence. [*Blushes, as he advances, and looks rather confused.*]

*Miss Mont.* [*After making a number of bows.*] Upon my honour, Miss, to save a needless multiplicity of words upon the occasion, I can't help thinking you much handsomer than your mistress.

*Harry.* [*aside*] So! now, I find, comes my turn to be courted.—[*aloud.*] And  
Sir,



I, Sir, if I had not been better informed, should have taken You for the master, Colonel Manly the servant.

*Miss Mont.* [*aside*] What a pretty mouth the huffy has got! And what sparkling eyes too!

*Harry.* [*aside.*] Where the deuce could Manly pick up this fellow? He has in every respect the look, the behaviour, the language, of a gentleman.

*Miss Mont.* What I am about to communicate to you, Mrs. Susan, may appear rather precipitate; but it is one of the miracles reserved for your beauty to accomplish.—I adore you as if we had known each other this week:—*weeks*, you know, my dear, are *ages* in love now-a-days.

*Harry.* O Gemini! then we shall certainly make a match of it.—I vow and protest—lud! I'm so over-joyed—I vow and protest, Sir, that the first moment of  
my

my seeing you was the last of my tranquillity.

*Miss Mont.* Long have I searched for happiness, and here---here alone do I hope to find it. [*Aside, after kissing his hand*] The forward slut! I'm astonished at her behaviour. [*Aloud*] Oh! dear Mrs. Susan, you ought to repulse me a little.---Do let us have a frown or two, were it but for form's sake.

*Harry.* Poh! I care not a pin for forms, when so handsome a gentleman as *you* declares his love for me.---Life is too short to be wasted in ceremony.

*Miss Mont.* [*aside*] If matters are carried much farther, I shall hardly know how to extricate myself.---But hark ye, my dear, the way to please me is, to *affected*, at least, a deal of coyness and reserve.---Now let me see how you will mind my instructions.---[*Throwing herself upon her knees*] My all of bliss! my ex everlasting  
Love!—

Love! --- [*starting up peevishly*] Egad I shall be angry, child, if you suffer me to go on thus uncontrouled. You must make a *show* of resistance, I tell you; and when I press your hand *thus*---and *thus* look tender --- cry out, *Don't Sir!*--- *Pshaw!*—*Have done!*---*I wonder you can behave so!* and use a thousand other such expressions, which every girl of sense and spirit ought to know by rote.

*Harry.* La! Sir, you are mighty difficult to please.

*Miss Mont.* Why, my dear, you have such a world of charms, that I am vexed you will not put a proper value upon them. [*aside*] My God! what a task it is to keep some women within the line of bare decorum!

*Harry.* To what purpose should I be at the trouble of shamming a resistance?—It would be altogether useless,

Sir,

—Love!



Sir, against the agreeable ardour of your attacks.

*Miss Mont.* But that resistance, Susan, while it provoked my passion, would heighten my esteem, for you, and render my conquest the more glorious.

*Harry.* Vanity, Sir, seems to be *your* characteristic—generosity is *mine*. On no account, therefore, shall I ever be persuaded to bestow with difficulty what I have in my power to grant with ease.

*Miss Mont.* While you boast of generosity, suffer me to talk of conscience. No favour, then, Mrs. Susan, will I ever receive, even from the woman I adore, but what I have well deserved from her. Six months, at least, must I pass in fighting at her feet before.....but hush! I hear Sir George and Colonel Manly. Then, Susan, adieu!—Be virtuous, my girl, and the path to happiness is before you.—We must away—you to deck out your mistress's toilet, and I to brush my  
master's

master's clothes. [*Exeunt different ways, smiling, and looking tenderly at each other.*]

## END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

### SCENE Continues.

*Enter TABBY hastily; and after her HARRY STANHOPE. Behind appears Miss MONTAGUE listening.*

*Tabby.*

**N**OTHING in this world but crosses and disappointments, crosses and disappointments!—'Lack! I'm in such a frustration, such a quandary!—Bring me a chair, Susan. [*sits down*] Things, my girl, are all turned topsy-turvy, topsy-turvy.

*Harry.* [*Aside*] Thy head is turned topsy-turvy, I believe. 'Sdeath the old haridan, whose tongue used to run so fast it was impossible to follow it, will  
now

now hardly utter a single word—not one, at least, to the purpose. The demon of contradiction has surely taken possession of her. [*Aloud*] Do now, dear, good, obliging Mrs. Tabby—do, I pray you, tell me what the matter is, and why you are thus agitated.

*Tabby.* Ah! now you begins to coax, huffy!—Ay, ay, you are an artful one!—You would shew your kindness more, however, by fetching me a drop of somewhat to compose my poor spirits.—But here, Susan, don't you bring me above a thimbleful—I shall be sick at the very sight on't, child! you knows I dont love such things, and that I only takes them now and then, in the course of the day, to keep me from fainting, and to do my *nerves* good.—And here, Susan! now I considers better on't, if you can't readily find a glass in my cupboard, e'en bring me  
the



the bottle. A glass is ceremonious and I hates to be ceremonious. — And here Susan!—Ah! Susan's gone -- Susan's always in a hurry.

*Miss Mont.* [*from behind*] How critically am I situated!—a prey to fear, and trembling with anxiety, yet obliged to dissemble both!—Oh! Sir George, to what a pass hast thou reduced me? Cruel man! all, even my life, must I sacrifice to thy felicity?

*Harry.* [*Having previously presented Tabby with the bottle, and taken it away*] Now, Tabby—now that I have administered comfort, *essential* comfort, to your heart, will you afford some *shadow* of ease to mine, by telling me, in plain terms, what has happened—any thing, or nothing?—

*Tabby.* Why, then, no longer to keep you in suspense—I abominates, you must know, being *suspended* myself,  
and

and I think it cruel to keep other people so.—But have you taken care, child, to put the bottle where you found it?

*Harry.* I have.

*Tabby.* And to lock the cub-board-door?

*Harry.* Undoubtedly I have.

*Tabby.* And to.....

*Harry.* Yes, yes [*aside.* — Oh! the curse of being tantalised!] Yes, yes, every thing is safe.—Now for it, Tabby—now for it, my dear friend!

*Tabby.* Why, then, as I said before. But 'lack-a-day! my memory is *so short!* —What *did* I say before?

*Harry.* You talked of keeping me no longer in *suspence*, and yet here you seem determined to keep me on the *rack!*—

*Tabby.* Ah! very true, very true.... Of all the fools, then, ever Love made, my master is surely the foremost.

S

[*Whispers.*

[*Whispers.* But I am sadly *affear'd*, Susan, that some one over-hears us.] Having surpris'd Colonel Manly and Miss Louisa---the huffy, for my part, I thinks, has bewitched the man---in the act of.....

Harry. Act of!---oh! heavens!---act of what?

Tabby. Only paying a few civil compliments to each other---for Miss Conways vows, and I verily believes, the gentleman did barely give her a *chaste salute*---nothing would satisfy our wise-acre but that there was a *serous* intrigue between them.

Harry. Well, and what then?

Tabby. Nothing of any great consequence, to be sure;---only a disappointment to some folk, which some folk were taking all the steps in their power to prevent. We are to have a wedding  
in



in the house to night.---Now you knows my meaning.

*Harry.* To-night!---To-night!---

*Miss Mont.* [*Rushing forth from her concealment*] To-night!---To-night!---

*Harry.* [*aside*] He here again!---These valets have the assurance of the devil. [*to Tabby*] A wedding, say you, and fixed for to-night? ---absolutely fixed?

*Tabby* Ay, as sure as my name is Tabby.---Poor Sir George, who thinks every hour adds some fresh obstacle to his proposed happiness with Miss Conway---I'm sure I pitie the poor gentleman from my heart!---has already, though convinced that his suspicions of the Colonel were groundless, been to Doctors-Commons, brought with him a special licence, and engaged the parson.

*Miss*

*Miss Mont.* [*aside*] O heavens! how shall I ward off this cruel blow? — I shall sink into the earth!

*Tabby.* [*To Miss Mont.*] And how comes my dapper spark here to pop in upon us so unawares, and to *take on* so grievously too? — No, no, you could not deceive me! — I see you are no stranger to love-matters! —

*Miss Mont.* Less so, perhaps, Madam, than you, with your pretty hand-maid there, are to perfidy, and to falsehood. — Friends as you both pretend to be of Sir George Mandeville, your master, your benefactor, you yet endeavour to break off his purposed marriage. — Treachery, be the cause it is meant to promote what it may, I detest. To treachery, alas! I stand before you a hapless victim. — Then know — for, as our interests seem to be connected, I may with safety confide in you — know, that

I have come hither in a disguise, little consistent, I own, with the delicacy of my sex, in order to obtain redress for the wrongs I have sustained from the perfidious Sir George.—In a word, I loved, was deceived, and am—a WOMAN—yes, a *virtuous*, though an *injured* woman.

*Harry. [aside]* A woman!—Let me take a better look.—Yes, it certainly is so.—By all that's whimsical, *another* disguise all the while, and I not perceive it!—Fie on my stupidity! [*To Miss Mont. with a profound courtesy.*] And in me, Madam, behold a MAN, heartily at your service. Love has a miraculous influence:—as you have assumed the breeches for Sir George Mandeville, so have I these petticoats for Miss Louisa Conway.—Well may you stare, and hold up your hands, confounded!—But egad, *Miss*, in our late interview, when



we interchanged so many professions of love, we were not so much the dupes of each other as we imagined.

*Miss Mont.* True: Nature, you know, is Nature---

*Harry.* [*Interrupting her with the offer of an embrace*] Let me fold thee in my arms, thou angelic girl!—No longer can I resist thy charms—no longer——

*Miss Mont.* Pray, good Mrs. Susan, pay a little more respect to your present dress.—If you don't, I shall tell tales!---

*Harry* And I, by all that is ridiculous, shall tell truths---so none of your threats, Ma'am!—But we have trifled enough. Now let us give a little attention to our own affairs. I have already formed a scheme, by which, I think, Sir George may still be disappointed as to his present matrimonial project — by which — transporting thought!—

thought!—I may obtain Miss Conway, you may reclaim the fickle Baronet, and all of us may yet be happy.

*Tabby.* [*Rising from her chair, as if just awaked.*] Happy—*augb!*—I'm sure—*augb!*—I'm happy enough already.—But how is all this?—What *a-dickens* is in the wind now? eh!

*Harry.* Tell me, first, whether the clothes I brought with me are still in your apartment.

*Tabby.* Every stitch under lock and key.

*Harry.* Then, my dear girl, let us away. We must make room for Sir George and the Colonel. Here they come in earnest talk:—for heaven's sake, let us not be seen together.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter*

*Enter* SIR GEORGE MANDEVILLE *and*  
COLONEL MANLY.

*Manly.* Your conduct astonishes me. Again and again I tell you so, Sir. You own, that you once passionately loved Miss Montague—that Miss Montague, you are satisfied, loves you still, and is *deserving* of your love.—For shame, Baronet, how can you apologise for deserting her now?

*Sir George.* *Apologise for deserting her now!*—Why as any other gentleman would do, I suppose, in my situation—by acknowledging that I have become indifferent about her.

*Manly.* But can you be *indifferent* about those vows, which you so often solemnly made, that at the Altar you would at once crown her happiness and your own?

*Sir George.* A mighty reasonable argument truly, and altogether *in point*, as  
my



my Lawyer phrases it!—'Gad, Colonel, if I were obliged to *marry* every woman whom, in the mad heat of passion, I *swore* I would, no Sultan of the East could have a better-furnished Seraglio to boast than myself. This would be pleasant enough, 'faith; for I am so hearty a friend to the sex in general, that I should hardly find fault as to the *number* I had about me.

*Manly.* Consider the accomplishments of Miss Montague, and that she is a *conquest made*.

*Sir George.* Consider those of Miss Conway, and that *she*, though I intend to marry her to-night, is a *conquest to make*.

*Munly.* Honour requires, you should be faithful to Harriet, who loves you.

*Sir George.* Vanity tells me, I should obtain Louisa, who affects *not* to love me.

*Manly*

*Manly.* The *tendernefs* of Harriet deserves *gratitude*.

*Sir George.* The *charms* of Louisa demand *adoration*.

*Manly.* Harriet is possessed of fo much wit and knowledge, that, to *listen* to her, is *pleasure*.

*Sir George.* Louisa is possessed of fo much simplicity and innocence, that, to *instruēt* her, is *rapture*.

*Manly.* And is it in Man to be false to a woman fo deserving!

*Sir George.* Say, first, Colonel, is it in Man to have passions, and not doat on *dear variety*?—In plain English, Sir, I should have no objection to retain *both*. The fond petulance of Harriet, the meek, yet impassioned, tendernefs of Louisa—the vivacity of the one, and the languor of the other—their mutual jealousies, their quarrels, and their modes of quarrelling—when I think of  
all

all these things, I think I should be happy. But as it is necessary to make a choice, I have given the preference to Louisa:—as you seem to like Harriet better, take her, my friend, and welcome.

*Manly.* Sir George, Sir George, this is cruel mockery;—'tis adding insult to injustice. Unhappily Miss Montague's attachment to you is too publicly known, as well as too deeply rooted, not to render a justification of her character necessary.—No longer to mince the matter, Sir, depend upon it, that if by *law* I cannot obtain an atonement for her wrongs, by this *sword* I shall.

*Enter WINKIT, reeling, and out of breath.*

*Winkit.* Master! Master!—But, *bic!*—steady, Winkit—steady, boy!—I'm too full to speak. And yet—*bic!*—  
deuce



deuce take it, I must speak too.—O my poor Master's noddle!—*bic!*—

*Sir George.* 'Sdeath! what is the matter with the fellow?—I never saw him thus before!—

*Winkit.* No—*bic!*—I suppose you hardly ever did. [*Affects to smother a laugh.*] Ah! Master, who's the fool now? Yes, yes, to be sure and for sartain—*bic!*—as your Honour was pleased to tell me this morning—I scarce so much as know—*bic!*—this here *right!* from that there *left* hand. But zookers—*bic!*—if you call me any more an *ass*, I shall call you a—*bic!*—

*Sir George.* Patience come to my relief!—To be thus exposed, thus insulted—and by my own booby of a servant!

*Winkit.* Very hard—*bic!*—very hard, 'faith. But, hang it, I'm honest; and that's more than some of my betters, ay, and—*bic!* some of your honour's betters,  
too,

too, can say.---Oh! Lud! Oh! Lud!---  
*bic!*—what doings I have seen! what  
 schemes I have heard!--But if I tell you  
 ---*bic!*---till you have promised to  
 thank me for it—*bic!*—

*Sir George.* Hush! intoxicated block-  
 head, and get thee to bed!

*Winkit.* *Tofticated* here, or—*bic!*—  
*tofticated* there, I say, Thank me!—

*Sir George.* Fellow, thou provokest  
 me to such a pitch, that.....

*Winkit.* Lud! your honour, don't be  
 so *cho—bic!*—*choloroloric.*—I'm so out of  
 breath, an'r please, you, and—*bic!*—so  
 thirsty, that I'm hardly able to wag  
 my tongue.

*Sir George.* Then, Sir, [*holding up his  
 cane*] 'tis high time to restore you to the  
 use of it.

*Winkit.* [*aside.*] The deuce is in my  
 Master, I think, to night, as well as all  
 the rest of us. [*A'oud*] Well, Sir, as my

head—*bic!*—and, as your Honour has often told me, it is rather soft—seems—*bic!*—to be in almost as much danger as your own, I have only to tell you, that as I was—*bic!*—God forgive me, thinking of no harm, passing by Mrs. Tabby's bed-chamber, I overheard Miss Louisa and Mrs. Susan [*bursts into a fit of laughter*] Susan, the pretty young woman, you know, whom you employed as a maid for her—*bic!*—in a close conversation together. Hang it, thinks I, for—*bic!*—I was in my sober senses—as sober, your Honour, as I am this *pre—bic!—recious* moment—where two girls are so *serous*, there must be mischief going forward. So what does I do? Why—*bic!*—I e'en steals on softly, softly, thus—*bic!*—[*In counterfeiting the action of a man groping in the dark, he crosses Sir George's legs, and almost overturns him.*]

Sir



*Sir George.* In the name of Hell, and all its Furies, Sirrah, what do you mean?

*Winkit.* Only to show your Honour— begging your Honour's pardon — how flyly I crept into Tabby's—*bic!*—Tabby's bed-room; where I heard Susan swear a thousand vows of love to Miss Conway, ay, and—*bic!*—if your Honour must know the truth, Sir, propose to carry her off—*bic!*—'lope with her, as I think they called it—this very night to Scotland.

*Sir George.* Susan, a harmless girl, Tabby's own niece, just come out of the country, propose to carry off Louisa!— Away, wretch! away with you to Bedlam!—The varlet is certainly mad as well as drunk.

*Winkit.* Ve—*bic!*—very likely, Sir. But, take honest Tom Winkit's word for it, Tabby is no better than she should

be ; and as for Su — *bic !* — Susan, as you call her, she is for all the world such another girl as — *bic !* — as I am myself. — Nay, if your Honour won't believe me, e'en send for your trusty confidant, the ve — *bic !* — venerable Mrs. Tabby herself. [*Aside, as he staggers off*] And now, I think, Master, as the maddest of the two, may go to Bed — *bic !* — Bedlam first, and send for me afterwards to keep him company. [*Exit.*]

Sir George. [*Aside, muttering to himself at intervals, and walking hastily across the stage*] And is it possible, that I should be thus daringly betrayed? — that — but I *must*, and *will*, know the truth of every circumstance immediately. — Drunk as he is at present, and stupid as he is at all times, the fellow must have *some* foundation for what he says. — Yes, yes, mischief there certainly is a-brewing, and Louisa — ay, even Louisa —

Louisa—is one of the chief agents in it. And yet—no, no, no, I cannot be misinformed, I cannot be mistaken, now! Yes, yes, yes, I am convinced, I am convinced, I am convinced.—

Louisa! — What had I to do with Louisa?—Wretch that I am, long ere now might every happiness have been mine in the arms of Miss Montague!—And Tabby, too, with her pretended niece!—If Tabby has deceived me, she shall not sleep another night in my house.—No—monster that she is of hypocrisy and ingratitude, she shall pack off at a minute's notice.—'Sdeath and the devil! Manly sees my distraction—sees it, and laughs at me! He, too—yes, he, too, must be in the plot!—

*Manly.* So, my friend!—[*Smothering a laugh*] But, I hope, you have done with your soliloquy, and fine tragedy-



gestures—Excuse me, Sir George.—  
ha! ha! ha!—I really must have my  
laugh out—ha! ha! ha!—With all  
your sagacity, then, with all your cir-  
cumspection, the *maid* you took into  
your family as an attendant—a compa-  
nion, forsooth! to the pretty Louisa,  
turns out to be one of her *lovers in mas-  
querade*!—Egad, from the demureness  
of her looks, and the prudery of her  
discourse, I should sooner have sus-  
pected her to be some starched Quaker,  
or chosen pillar of one of our modern  
Tabernacles.

*Sir George.* Come, come, Colonel,  
those sneers are rather unseasonable.—  
No trifling, Sir, with me:—you knew  
too well who she was.

*Manly.* By all that's serious, you  
wrong me. I was, 'till now, as much a  
stranger to the matter as yourself.

*Sir George.* That shall presently ap-  
pear.

*Manly.*

*Manly.* Presently appear ! — By heavens, Sir George, trifle with *your own* honour as you please, I am not used to have *mine* thus called in question.—Once more I declare to you, that I was ignorant of a young fellow being disguised under your roof, in order to carry off Miss Conway, or to effect any other project. But of this be assured, Sir, that either you shall bring matters to an *eclaircissement* with Miss Montague—who, take my word for it, is not so far off as you may imagine—or there is no justice to be had in England.

*Enter MISS CONWAY, followed by HARRY STANHOPE in Man's Clothes, and MISS MONTAGUE in her former Disguise.*

*Miss Con.* [To the Colonel, presenting to him Harry Stanhope.] Protect from impending ruin, from endless sorrow and despair, a helpless, alas! an unfriended

friended girl!—Though till our accidental interview of to-day, we were personally strangers to each other—intimate as you were with my father, and highly as to his last hour he esteemed you—yet with the fame of your virtues, dear Colonel, I have long been familiar. Then for friendship's, for pity's, sake let me conjure you to intercede with Sir George, that I may not be sacrificed to his embraces. Sir George I cannot—cannot love; and to this gentleman—whose fortune, family, and character, could receive no additional lustre from my poor recommendation—my heart is already engaged by every endearing tie.

*Harry. [To Miss Montague while Sir George and the Colonel retire.]* Now is the time to strike the blow. To extricate us all the more effectually, you must pass for one of my relations. — None of your squeamish objections,



jections, I beg!—The deceit is harmless; and, at any rate, 'tis but engaging our common enemy with his own favourite weapon. Then give me immediately those letters you talked of.—As for the rest leave it to me. [*Aloud to the Colonel.*] Other points still await a settlement. This lady, Sir, is my cousin, though here, in the house of Sir George Mandeville, habited as a man, and in the humble character of your servant; and from that very Sir George here are upwards of twenty letters, in which you will find him endeavouring to seduce her by the most sacred promises of marriage.—Her name is Harriet Montagu.

*Sir George.* Harriet Montague! — I shall certainly lose my senses.—My Harriet!—Have I heard aright?—Do my eyes deceive me?—My Harriet!---

*Miss*

*Miss Mont.* Yes, perfidious man, it is thy Harriet—that Harriet, who lived serene and happy, in the bosom of her family and friends, till the period, fatal to her repose, in which she first beheld Thee!—What artifices, what vows of inviolable fidelity, didst thou not lavish, in order to obtain my love—my love, which, alas! I was already too much inclined to yield to thee from choice, and which I even had not the address to conceal from the world?—Though to such a pass I am reduced, that I shudder at the very thought of returning to my relations—that I even loathe the sight of day—yet [*bursting into tears*] oh! cruel Sir George—yet do I still love thee with too much tenderness not to submit with patience to my unhappy destiny, if, by *forcing* thee to do me justice, it would give thee to know one thousandth

thousandth part of the pangs which I feel, and long have felt.

*Sir George.* [*Afide*] Conscience, Conscience, thou still, but awful, voice of Truth!—Never—never till this minute—was I made sensible what a life of perfidy, of aggravated guilt, was mine.—How I am unmanned!—Ye trickling tears! [*rubbing his eyes*] ye trickling tears, begone!

*Manly.* Come, Sir George, I see you relent.—Then generously, my friend, obey the dictates of honour---I will add, too, the dictates of your heart; and, in compliment to a *double disguise*, let the day be crowned with a *double marriage*.

*Sir George.* Yes, Colonel, I obey—with pleasure I obey—the influence which Miss Montague still retained over my heart—an influence, which absence and dissipation had, indeed, a little diminished, but which neither absence nor dissipation



sipation could ever annihilate.—Accept, then, beloved Harriet, of my hand, and do but grant me thine!—Oh! the heaven of bliss, the extasy of joy, that now overpowers me, while thus again I fold thee in my arms——while thus, and thus I rivet thee to my heart!—Through life, Harriet, with unabated ardour will I adore thee. Be as happy as thy Mandeville, and we shall become the wonder, the boast, the emulation, of the age.—Freely, Miss Conway, do I resign my charge of you to that gentleman. May he approve himself deserving of you! and, equally with Harriet and myself, may you both enjoy every felicity which wedded Love and Virtue can bestow!—Alas! that I should so long have acted in direct violation of the sacred laws of honour and of virtue! that till  
this

this blest, this auspicious, hour, I should have made it my study to *render other people MISERABLE, and myself CON- TEMPTIBLE.*

F I N I S.

---

## POSTSCRIPT.

**I**T was my intention to subjoin, in this place, a list of such inaccuracies as might have crept into the work during its progress at the press; a progress, which has, indeed, though in another sense, been literally of the *creeping* sort.—Yielding, however, at length, to certain remonstrances on the subject from an honest, plain-dealing Printer — who, insisting upon it, that *he knows his business*, insists also, among other things, that the very idea of publishing a single *item* of the kind is alike repugnant to *his* honour, and to *mine*—the

cheerless office I have declined; and with the less reluctance do I leave undistinguished the errors merely *typographical*, as, I flatter myself, few have been suffered to remain which those readers will not be most ready to excuse, who, accustomed themselves to write, and to print, have experienced how difficult it is such errors to prevent.

A very *serious* apology have I to make, however, respecting the lengths to which I have gone in endeavouring to preserve to certain words an *uniformity* of orthography; words, in which, throughout the preceding pages, the vowel *u* may have often presented itself with an intrusion disgusting to the *eye*.—Custom and Propriety, indeed, are often at variance; and what the latter justifies, the former is too apt to reject.—Why, for example, do many of the first writers — writers, too, deservedly famed for their attention to the improvement of our language—continue to spell, in one page, honour, favour, error, and, in the next, as if *consistency* was beneath their notice, write, ambassador, author, professor? — These words, with hundreds  
of



of others which belong to the same class, owe their *immediate* derivation to the French, and not to the Latin language; and, of course, it has at least an *appearance* of absurdity to spell *one* of them *with*, or *one* of them *without*, the *u* in question, unless they are *all* to be so spelled.

But enough, and more than enough, on a subject, which, confined to the *mis-use* or the *non-use*, of a *letter* merely, will be said, perhaps, to be hardly worthy to attract the notice of that sorriest of all the Sons of Dulness, a very "*word-catcher*;" and which, at any rate, must be confessed to form a close rather ridiculous to a work like the present.—Coming to the point, then, at once, I shall only observe farther, that, if the opinion here suggested shall be found to be erroneous, I will with pleasure retract it; *nor allow it to be said*, in future, *that I have presumed to deviate from the beaten path of even* ORTHOGRAPHICAL IMITATION.

4 DE 58

*Preparing by the* AUTHOUR *for the Press,*

A new, and highly-improved, Edition of

T H E

TEARS of SENSIBILITY,

From the French of M. D'ARNAUD,

In Two Volumes, correspondent with these,

Price Five Shillings, sewed, or

Six Shillings bound.

This work originally consisted of Four Novels, namely, THE CRUEL FATHER—ROSETTA; OR THE FAIR PENITENT REWARDED—THE RIVAL FRIENDS—SIDNEY AND SILLI; OR THE MAN OF BENEVOLENCE, AND THE MAN OF GRATITUDE: and to the Edition here announced will be added TWO NEW PIECES.

\* \* Many Ladies and Gentlemen having been disappointed lately in their applications for THE TEARS OF SENSIBILITY, those who may be inclined to encourage the proposed edition are respectfully desired to send their names to Mr. *Murdoch*, or to either of the Publishers of the present work.

